

The
ROSE, THISTLE
AND
SHAMROCK

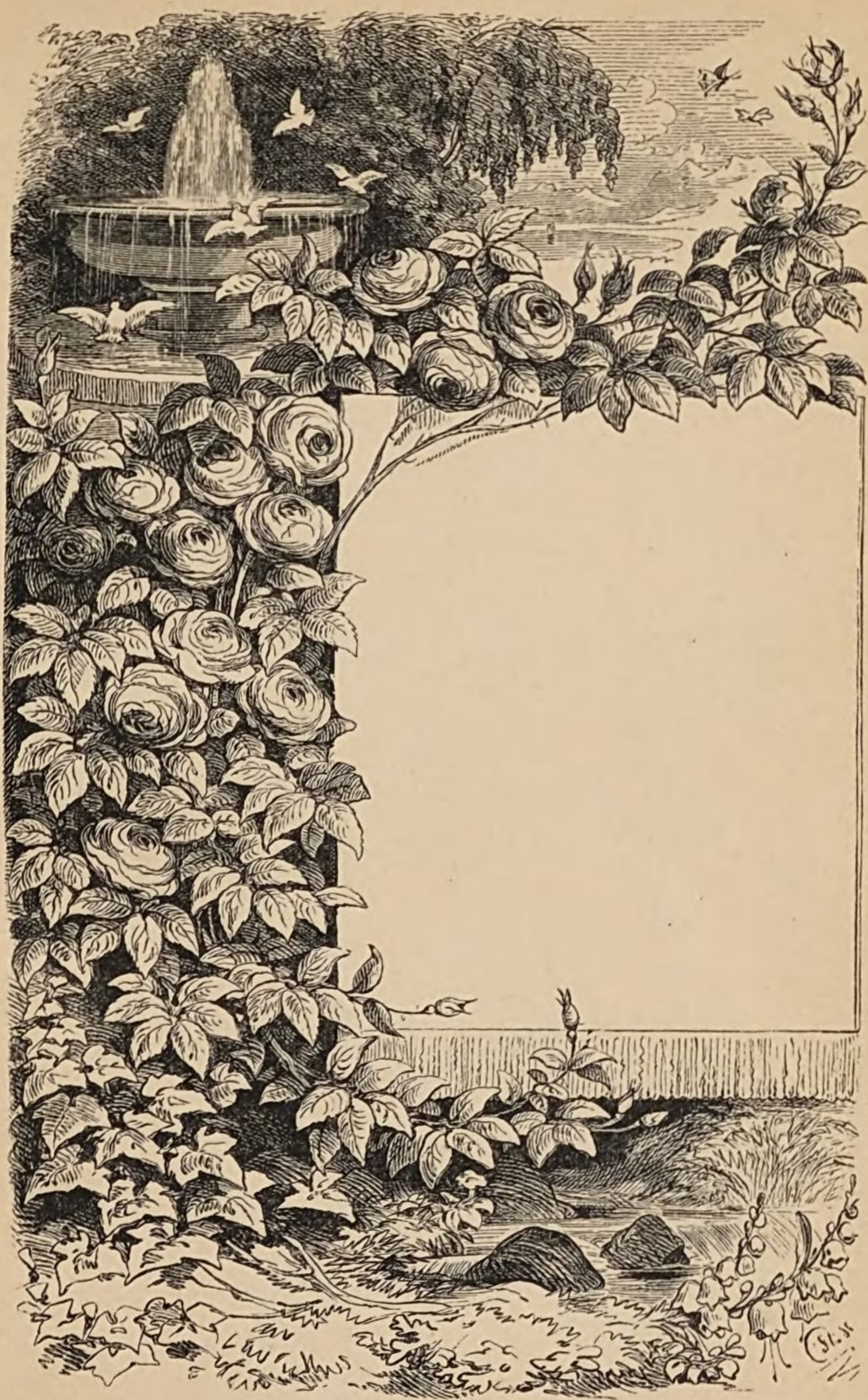
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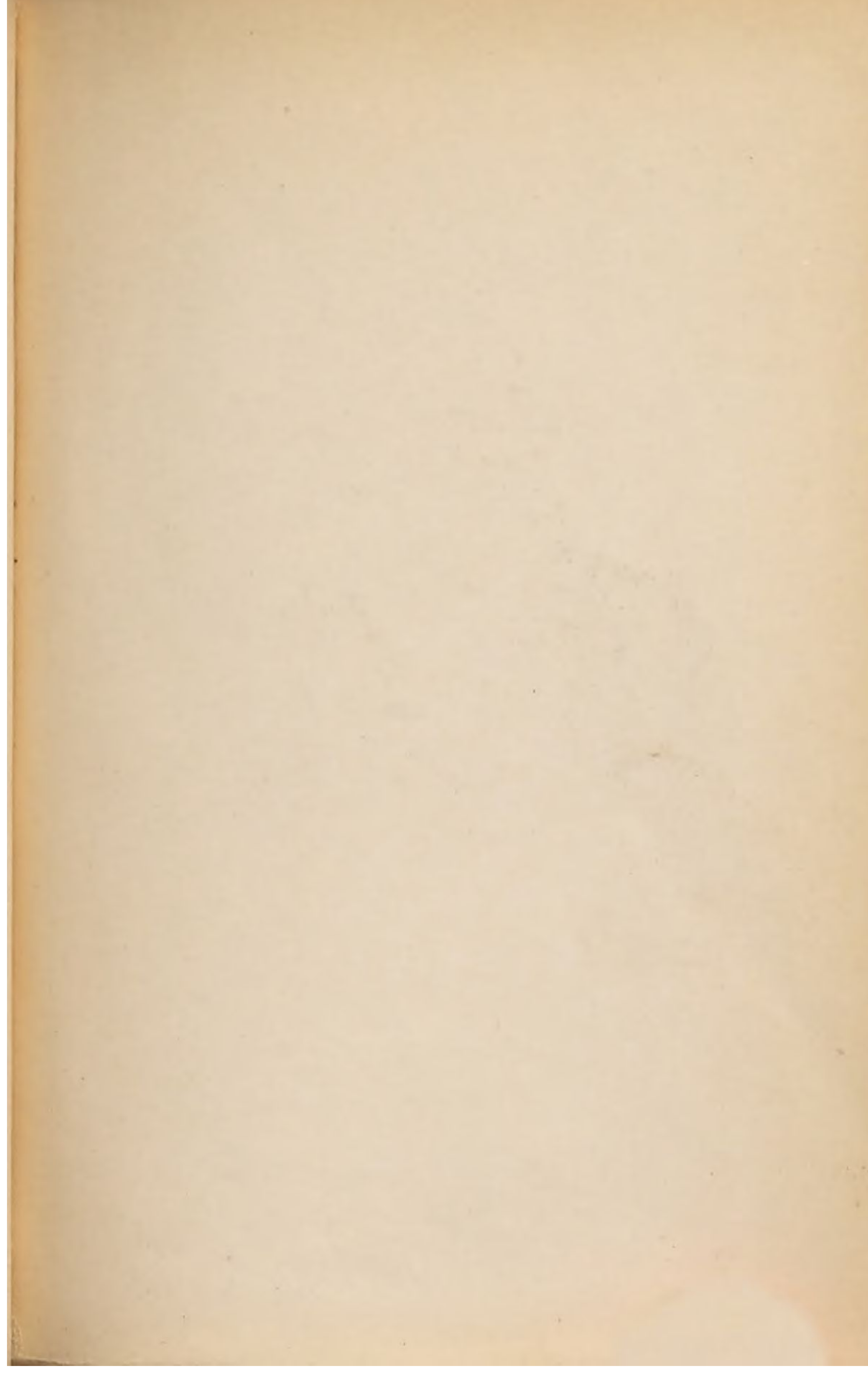
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THE
ROSE, THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.





K. Frick

THE
ROSE, THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

A BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY,
CHIEFLY MODERN.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

FERNAND FREILIGRATH.

THE SECOND EDITION

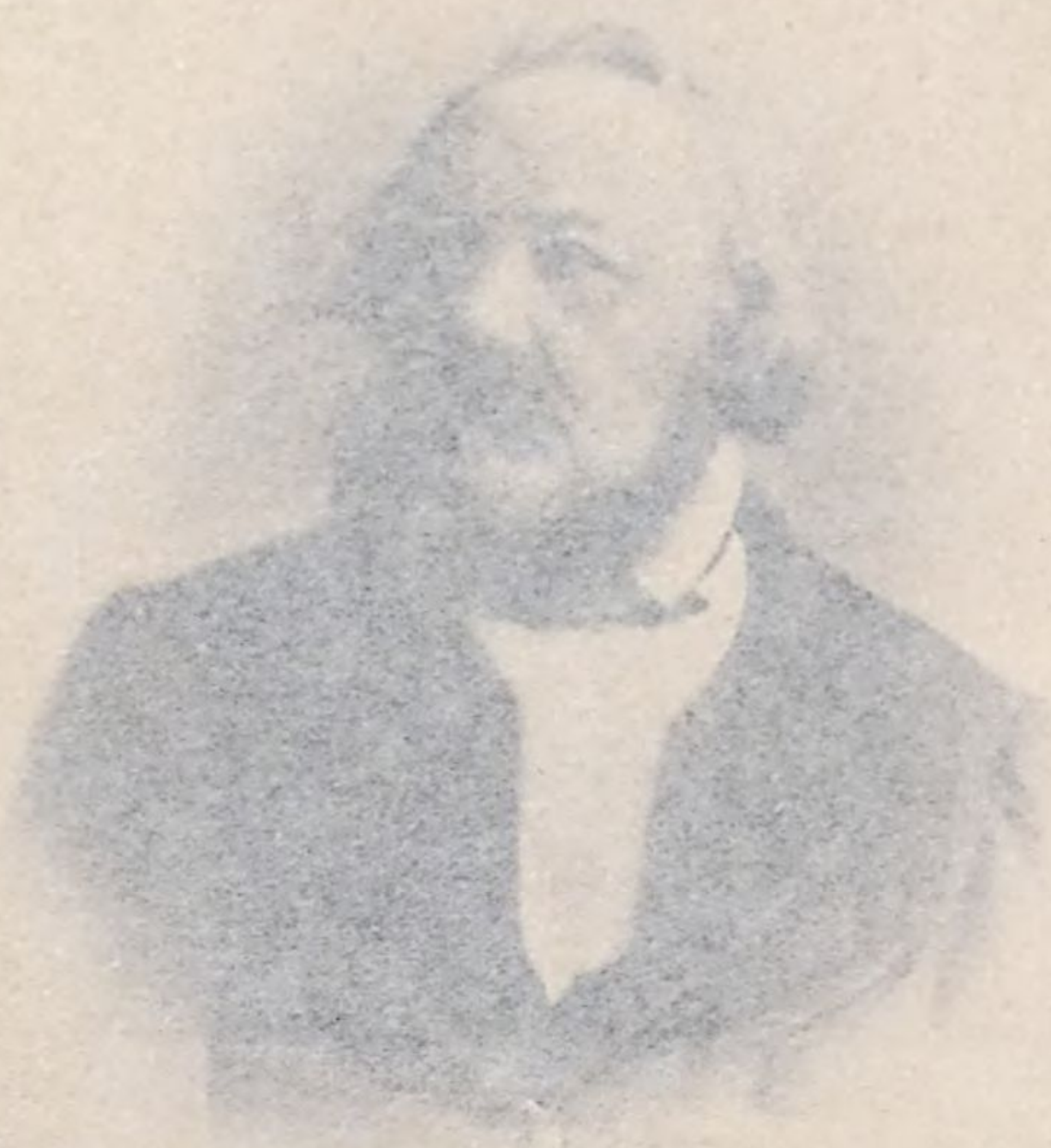
WITH PORTRAITS OF THE POETS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

[1887]

STUTTGART.

DEUTSCHE VERLAGS-ANSTALT.

Gea/48/627



Christine

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
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Sixth Edition. =

WITH PORTRAIT OF F. FREILIGRATH AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE.

Since the publication of the last edition of the «Rose, Thistle and Shamrock» its author has closed his eyes upon this world. Ferdinand Freiligrath died on the 18th of March 1876. The duty of revising the new edition of this popular anthology devolved upon his widow, who with the assistance of her daughter Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker has tried to perform this task in the spirit of her late husband, carefully avoiding to efface in any way the peculiar charm of its arrangement and selection. The alterations therefore which were deemed necessary, are but few and consist chiefly in the introduction of several new pieces of modern lyric, whose authors have won a name for themselves, in the course of the last ten years. Room had to be made for these by the omission of divers older poems, as the size of the volume did not allow of any further

extension. Altogether, the book also this time, has been brought down to the most recent date. The illustrations have received a valuable addition through the excellent portrait of the late Editor. May the little book go forth then in its new garb, and meet with the same kind reception as heretofore.



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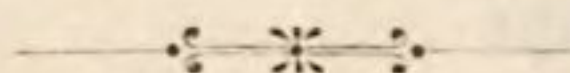
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Bennoch, Francis, born 1812, lives in London.
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Browning, Robert, born 1812, lives in London.
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Byron, George Gordon, Lord, born 1788, died 1824.
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Cherry, Andrew, born 1762, died 1812.
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Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, born 1772, died 1834.
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Collins, William, born 1720, died 1756.
Cook, Eliza, born about 1818, lives in London.
Cornwall, Barry (the literary name adopted by Bryan Walter Procter), born 1790, died 1874.

- Cowley, Abraham, born 1618, died 1667.
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Crabbe, George, born 1754, died 1832.
Cunningham, Allan, born 1784, died 1842.
Denham, Sir John, born 1615, died 1668.
Dibdin, Charles, born 1745, died 1814.
Dobell, Sydney, born 1824, lives near Gloucester.
Drayton, Michael, born 1563, died 1631.
Drummond, William (of Hawthornden), born 1585, died 1649.
Dryden, John, born 1631, died 1700.
Elliott, Ebenezer, „the Cornlaw-Rhymer“, born 1781, died 1849.
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Freiligrath-Kroeker, Kate, Daughter of the Editor, lives in London.
Goldsmith, Oliver, born 1728, died 1774.
Graves, Alfred Perceval, born 1846, lives in London.
Gray, David, born 1838, died 1861.
Gray, Thomas, born 1716, died 1771.
Harte, Francis Bret (American), born 1837, lives at New-York.
Heber, Reginald, born 1783, died 1826.
Hemans, Felicia, born 1794, died 1835.
Herbert, George, born 1593, died 1632.
Herrick, Robert, born 1591, died 1674.
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Hervey, Thomas K., born 1804, died 1859.
Hogg, James, „the Ettrick Shepherd“, born 1772, died 1835.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell (American), born 1809, lives at Boston.
Hood, Thomas, born 1798, died 1845.
Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes), born 1809, died 1885.
Howitt, Mary, born about the beginning of the present century, lives on the Continent.
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Lacoste, Marie (American), lives at Savannah, Georgia.

- Lamb, Charles, born 1775, died 1834.
- Landon, Letitia Elizabeth („L. E. L.“), afterwards Mrs. Maclean, born 1802, died 1838.
- Landor, Walter Savage, born 1775, died 1864.
- Logan, John, born 1748, died 1788.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (American), born 1807, died 1882.
- Lovelace, Richard, born 1618, died 1658.
- Lowell, James Russell (American), born 1819, lives at Cambridge near Boston.
- Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord, born 1800, died 1859.
- Mahony, Francis, (Father Prout), born 1805, died 1866.
- Marlowe, Christopher, born 1564, died 1593.
- Massey, Gerald, born 1828, lives at Hemel Hempstead.
- Meredith, George, born 1828, lives in Surrey.
- Milton, John, born 1608, died 1674.
- Montgomery, James, born 1771, died 1854.
- Moore, Thomas, born 1780, died 1852.
- Motherwell, William, born 1797, died 1835.
- Nicoll, Robert, born 1814, died 1837.
- Norton, Hon. Mrs. Caroline, born about 1808, died 1877.
- O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, born 1846, died 1881.
- Percy, Thomas, Bishop of Dromore, born 1729, died 1811; editor of the „Reliques of Ancient English Poetry“.
- Pfeiffer, Mrs. Emily, lives in London.
- Pierpont, John (American), born 1785.
- Pollok, Robert, born 1799, died 1827.
- Pope, Alexander, born 1688, died 1744.
- Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, born 1802, died 1839.
- Pringle, Thomas, born 1788, died 1834.
- Procter, Adelaide Anne, born 1835, died 1864.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, born 1552, beheaded 1618.
- Ramsay, Allan, born 1685, died 1758.
- Robinson, Mary F., born 1857, lives in London.
- Rogers, Samuel, born 1763, died 1855.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, born 1828, died 1882.
- Rossetti, Christina G., born 1830, lives in London.
- Scott, Sir Walter, born 1771, died 1832.
- Shakespeare, William, born 1564, died 1616.
- Sheckburg, Dr., lived about the middle of the last century.

- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, born 1792, drowned 1822.
Sidney, Sir Philip, born 1554, killed in battle 1586.
Sigourney, Lydia Huntley (American), born 1791, died 1865.
Smith, Alexander, born 1830, died 1867.
Smith, Horace, born 1779, died 1849.
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Spenser, Edmund, born 1553, died 1599.
Sprague, Charles (American), born 1791, lives at Boston.
Suckling, Sir John, born 1608, died 1641.
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Swain, Charles, born 1803, died 1874.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, born 1843, lives in London.
Talfourd, Thomas Noon, born about 1796, died 1854.
Taylor, Bayard (American), born 1825, died 1878.
Tennyson, Alfred, Poet Laureate, Lord, born 1810, raised to Peerage
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Thackeray, William Makepeace, born 1811, died 1863.
Thomson, James, born 1700, died 1748.
Waller, Edmund, born 1605, died 1687.
White, Henry Kirke, born 1785, died 1806.
Whitman, Walt (American), born 1819, lives at Washington.
Whittier, John Greenleaf (American), born 1807, lives at Washington.
Willis, Nathaniel P. (American), born 1807, died 1867.
Wilson, John, born 1788, died 1854.
Wolfe, Charles, born 1791, died 1823,
Wordsworth, William, born 1770, died 1850.
Wotton, Sir Henry, born 1568, died 1639.



POESY AND THE POETS.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I can refel opinion; and approve
The state of Poesie, such as it is,
Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:
Indeed, if you will look on Poesie,
As she appears in many, poor and lame,
Patch'd up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
Half-starved for want of her peculiar food:
Sacred Invention; then I must confirm
Both your conceit and censure of her merit.
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul,
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought:
Oh then how proud a presence does she bear!
Then is she like herself; fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes!

BEN JONSON.

AN ODE.

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams; —
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation ;
 A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
 Unearthly, impossible seeming —
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
 Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their Present,
 And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising,
 They had no divine foreshowing
 Of the land to which they are going ;
But on one man's soul it has broken,
 A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
 Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And, therefore, to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling ;
 And the multitudes are enlisted
 In the faith that their fathers resisted ;
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
 Are bringing to pass as they may
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
 The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
 Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
 Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing —
 O men, it must ever be —
That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
 A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high;
And out of the infinite morning,
Intrepid, you hear us cry,—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling, unknown shore,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before;
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers
And a singer who sings no more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE.

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A Year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;

And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
«Why, here,» cried he, «the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!»

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE HOUSE.

There is no architect
Can build as the muse can;
She is skilful to select
Materials for her plan;

Slow and warily to choose
Rafters of immortal pine,
Or cedar incorruptible,
Worthy her design.

She threads dark Alpine forests,
Or valleys by the sea,
In many lands, with painful steps
Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges,
And quarries every rock,
To hew the famous adamant,
For each eternal block.

She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun.

That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But for the love of happy souls
Outlive the newest stars.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town, and out of the street;
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, «I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.»

LORD TENNYSON.

IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content:—
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees;
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN EXHORTATION.

Cameleons feed on light and air:
Poets' food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same

With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light cameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As cameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is, cameleons change!
Where love is not, poets do:
Fame is love disguised: if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright cameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh, refuse the boon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

«Try not the Pass!» the old man said;
«Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!»
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

«O stay,» the maiden said, «and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!»
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

«Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche;»
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MANY ARE POETS WHO HAVE NEVER PENN'D.

(FROM „THE PROPHECY OF DANTE“.)

Many are poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets, but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,

Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?
So be it: we can bear. — But thus all they
Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvass till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured: and the line
Of poesy, which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas!
Despair and Genius are too oft connected.

LORD BYRON.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops,—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth,
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;

As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage

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Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book:
And now a stranger's privilege I took,
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
«This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.»

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
«What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.»
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
«How is it that you live, and what is it you do?»

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled : stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
«Once I could meet with them on every side ;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.»

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me :
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace

About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main, and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
«God,» said I, «be my help and stay secure;
I 'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!»

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe:
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'T was thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A POET'S PRAYER.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard, by sycophants revil'd,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleas'd to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he has been,
And, when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green;
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong—
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the redbreast's lonely song.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

There is a little lonely grave
Which no one comes to see,
The foxglove and red orchis wave
Their welcome to the bee.

There never falls the morning sun,
It lies beneath the wall,
But there when weary day is done
The lights of sunset fall,
Flushing the warm and crimson air,
As life and hope were present there.

There sleepeth one who left his heart
Behind him in his song;
Breathing of that diviner part
Which must to heaven belong.
The language of those spirit chords,
But to the poet known,
Youth, love, and hope yet use his words,
They seem to be his own:
And yet he has not left a name,
The poet died without his fame.

How many are the lovely lays
That haunt our English tongue,
Defrauded of their poet's praise,
Forgotten he who sung.
Tradition only vaguely keeps
Sweet fancies round his tomb;
Its tears are what the wild flower weeps,
Its record is that bloom;
Ah, surely Nature keeps with her
The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries
Such spirits blends at last
With all the fairy fantasies
Which o'er some scenes are cast.
A softer beauty fills the grove,
A light is in the grass,

A deeper sense of truth and love
Comes o'er us as we pass;
While lingers in the heart one line,
The nameless poet hath a shrine.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

FROM „THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL“.

Call it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier:

The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill:
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

Scorn not the sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways: and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

1. THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the Ocean.

2. THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ON POETICAL TRANSLATION.

(FROM LINES ENTITLED „TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF PASTOR FIDO“.)

Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.

Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ,
Attempt Translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit, but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of Poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make Translations and Translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER, AT
WOODSTOCK.

Such was old Chaucer: such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain

Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

MARK AKENSIDE.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touch'd the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes? If such lore
Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney * here was born.
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted: it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd, dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* Sir Philip Sidney. — Ed.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus! but thine,
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine.

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were ask'd of thy discoveries, they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As now of all men, it is call'd thy trade,
And who make thither else, rob, or invade.

BEN JONSON.

S O N N E T.

(ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.)

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

BEN JONSON.

AN ODE.—TO HIMSELF.

Where dost Thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth,
That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both;

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings;
Or droop they as disgrac'd,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defac'd?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot indure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

BEN JONSON.

ODE FOR BEN JONSON.

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus:
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that talent spend;
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.
ROBERT HERRICK.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,

Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw, no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance,
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.

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But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,

Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

UNDER
MR. MILTON'S PICTURE.
BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ON A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR.

It lies before me there, and my own breath
Stirs its thin outer threads, as though beside
The living head I stood in honour'd pride,
Talking of lovely things that conquer death.

Perhaps he press'd it once, or underneath
Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed,
And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride
With their rich locks, or his own Delphic wreath.

There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant, — a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk; — as though it said:
Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
Behold affectionate eternity.

LEIGH HUNT.

MILTON AT ARCETRI.

(FROM „ITALY“.)

— — We hail

Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of Old
For its green wine; dearer to me, to most,
As dwelt on by that great Astronomer,
Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
His villa (justly was it called the Gem!)
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars!
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
Some verse of Ariosto! There, unseen,
In manly beauty *Milton* stood before him,
Gazing with reverend awe — Milton, his guest,
Just then come forth, all life and enterprize;
He in his old age and extremity,
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff:

His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
His eye-balls idly rolling. Little then
Did *Galileo* think whom he received;
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him—who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater;
Milton as little that in him he saw,
As in a glass, what he himself should be,
Destined so soon to fall on evil days
And evil tongues—so soon, alas, to live
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phoebus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,

Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies:
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;

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His severe judgment, giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

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SIR JOHN DENHAM.

ON MR. GAY.

IN WESTMINSTER - ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted even among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in the end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, *Here* lies Gay.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

THE SCENE IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES NEAR
RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,*
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

* Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later * ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

STANZAS ON THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

This is the natal day of him
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose
The freest of the free; —

Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do,—
To show that mighty heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets gréw.

Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;—
The plant that creeps amid the Soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

* Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his lifetime. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, *Thou* wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!

Inspired by thee, the lowly hind
All soul-degrading meanness spurns;
Our teacher, saviour, saint art thou,
Immortal *Robert Burns!*

ROBERT NICOLL.

THE SCOTTISH MUSE TO BURNS.

(FROM „THE VISION“.)

— — «Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power;
I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

«With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

«I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

«Or when the deep-green mantled earth
Warm cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

«When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

«When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

«I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray.
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

«I taught thy manners - painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

«Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

«Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 Adown the glade.

«Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine:
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine—
 A rustic bard.

«To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
 Will all protect.

«And wear thou this,»—she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS.

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns;
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display;
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the Poet's wit ye share,
 Like him can speed
The social hour—of tenfold care
 There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire

That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid «lonely heights and hows»,
He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that «light which leads astray,
Is light from Heaven.»

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your Father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON ROBERT BURNS.

He pass'd thro' life's tempestuous night,
A brilliant, trembling, northern light;
Thro' years to come he'll shine from far,
A fix'd, unsetting, polar star.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

KIRKE WHITE.

(FROM „ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS“.)

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow:
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

LORD BYRON.

CRABBE.

(FROM „ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS“.)

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;

o gg otto

ss otto ss otto ss

gg otto gg otto gg o

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

LORD BYRON.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE WEE MAN.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

«Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.»

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

«Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in!»
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
Another seat to win.

«Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!»
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
«I' the name of all that 's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?»

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
«When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*»

THOMAS HOOD.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!

Here 's a sigh to those that love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, JAN. 22. 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

BYRON.

(FROM „THE COURSE OF TIME“.)

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,

And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling while;
He, from above, descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon «the Ocean's mane»,
And played familiar with his hoary locks:
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seem'd;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it pass'd,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

ROBERT POLLOK.

FELICIA HEMANS.

No more, no more—oh, never more returning,
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth;
No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious yearning
Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.
Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,
How many lovely things have vanished too:
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,
And feelings, teaching us our own were true.
Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,
Known only by the music on the air;
The leaves or flowers which thou hast named inherit
A beauty known but from thy breathing there:
For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,
The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;
As planets from afar look down on ocean,
And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,
As floats thy various melody along;
We know the softness of Italian measures,
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.
A general bond of union is the poet,
By its immortal verse is language known,
And for the sake of song do others know it—
One glorious poet makes the world his own.
And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended!
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea;
Many a stranger and far flower was blended
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.
The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters
Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear;
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly?—never
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.
We see the goal, but know not the endeavour,
Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost.
What do we know of the unquiet pillow,
By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,
When thoughts chase thoughts like the tumultuous billow,
Whose very light and foam reveals unrest?
We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not
What may have left that sorrow on the song;
However mournful words may be, they show not
The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.
They cannot paint the long sad hours, passed only
In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.
Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—
Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman, but revealing
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,

By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?
What is to feed such feeling, but to culture
A soil whence pain will never more depart?
The fable of Prometheus and the vulture
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated
By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;
While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.
Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers
Gave other lips the joy thine own had not?
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers
Which closed around thy mourning human lot?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,
For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,
The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,
But only from thyself its being drew.
How is the warm and loving heart requited
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell.
Its best affections wronged, betrayed, and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace;
Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.
Fame's troubled hour has cleared, and now replying,
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.
Sleep with a light, the lovely and undying,
Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

CHARADE ON THE NAME OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

Come from my First, ay, come;
The battle dawn is nigh:
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die;
Fight, as thy father fought;
Fall, as thy father fell:
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So, forward! and farewell!

Toll ye my Second, toll;
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night;
The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed;
Now take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, go, call;
The Lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Ay, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame.
On the turf of a soldier's grave!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

I STROVE WITH NONE.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

July, 1870.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of «Little Nell».

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with «Nell» on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

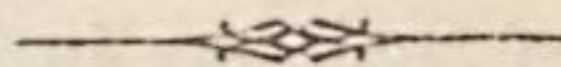
BRET HARTE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks,
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb.
So these volumes, from their shelves;
Watch him silent as themselves.
Ah! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er!
Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs however sweet!
Let the lifeless body rest.
He is gone who was its guest,
Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve;
Traveller, in what realms afar;
In what planet, in what star;

In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what garden of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?
Poet! Thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse;
Thou hast sung with organ tone,
In Deukalion's life thine own,
On the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower at last.
Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells:
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea.
Lying dead among thy books;
The peace of God in all thy looks.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



HOME AND COUNTRY.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HOME AND COUNTRY.

(FROM „THE WEST INDIES“.)

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
«Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?»
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND.

The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first, deep gun of an ocean-fight
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England!
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its echoes have been known;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
That have answer'd to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd, —
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word!

FELICIA HEMANS.

LOVE OF ENGLAND.

(FROM „THE TASK“.)

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

WILLIAM COWPER.

FROM „BEPP0“.

«England! with all thy faults I love thee still,»
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we 've got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly, when 'tis not too late;

I like the taxes, when they 're not too many;
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

LORD BYRON.

THE SECURITY OF BRITAIN.

(FROM „ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR“.)

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks;)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child.
 Hence for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore;
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

„Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?“

MARMION.

The stately homes of England!
 How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
 Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love -
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!

How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet lanes,
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

FELICIA HERMANS.



The Cottage Homes of England.

THE THAMES.

(FROM „COOPER'S HILL“.)

My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

TO THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER,
IN RECOLLECTION OF THE BANKS OF THE SAME RIVER
AT CAVERSHAM, NEAR READING.

With no cold admiration do I gaze
Upon thy pomp of waters, matchless stream!
But home-sick fancy kindles with the beam
That on thy lucid bosom faintly plays;
And glides delighted through thy crystal ways,
Till on her eye those wave-fed poplars gleam,
Beneath whose shade her first ethereal maze
She fashion'd; where she traced in clearest dream
Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose
Besprent with island haunts of spirits bright;
And widening on—till, at the vision's close,
Great London, only then a name of might
For childish thought to build on, proudly rose
A rock-throned city clad in heavenly light.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

L O N D O N.

(FROM „DON JUAN“.)

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry

Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!

LORD BYRON.

L O N D O N.

It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse,
Towers, belfries, lengthen'd streets, and structures fair.
St. Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighb'ring spires, a regal chieftain stands,
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side,
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear
The Towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride:
While, far beyond, the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
View'd thus, a goodly sight! but when survey'd
Through denser air when moisten'd winds prevail,
In her grand panoply of smoke array'd,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime.—She seems a curtain'd gloom
Connecting heaven and earth,—a threat'ning sign of doom.
With more than natural height, rear'd in the sky
'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye;
The lower parts in swathing mist conceal'd,
The higher through some half spent shower reveal'd,
So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty alpine peak be deem'd,
The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seam'd.

Stretch'd wide on either hand, a rugged screen,
In lurid dimness, nearer streets are seen
Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain,
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
And many tinted vapours, slowly pass
O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.

So shows by day this grand imperial town,
And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line:—
He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
«What hollow sound is that?» approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
It is the flood of human life in motion!
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean!
With sad but pleasing awe his soul is fill'd,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is still'd,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And Time fast wending to Eternity.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

S O N N E T.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

Sept. 3, 1802.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE OBELISK,

DURING THE GREAT FROST, 1881.

Thou sign-post of the desert! Obelisk,
Once fronting in thy monumental pride
Egypt's fierce sun, that blazing far and wide
Sheared her of tree and herb, till like a disk
Her waste stretched shadowless, and fraught with risk
To those who with their beasts of burden hied
Across the seas of sand until they spied
Thy pillar, and their flagging hearts grew brisk:

Now reared beside our Thames so wintry gray,
Where blocks of ice drift with the drifting stream,
Thou risest o'er the alien prospect! Say,
Yon dull, blear, rayless orb whose lurid gleam
Tinges the snow-draped ships and writhing steam,
Is this the sun that fired thine Orient day?

MATHILDE BLIND.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTLAND DEAR.

My mountain hame, my mountain hame,
My kind, my independent mother!
While thought an' feeling rule my frame,
Can I forget the mountain heather?
Scotland dear!

Though I to other lands may go,
Should fortune's smile attend me thither,
As robin comes in winter's snaw
I 'll homeward seek the mountain heather,
Scotland dear!

I love to hear your daughters dear
The simple tale in sang revealing;
Whene'er your music greets my ear,
My bosom melts wi' joyous feeling,
Scotland dear!

When I shall die, O I wad lie
Where life an' me first met thegither,
That my cauld clay, through its decay,
Might bloom again in the mountain heather,
Scotland dear!

ALEXANDER HUME.

THE KINGDOM OF KERRY.

AN INVITATION TO IRELAND.

O come to us and learn to own—
Unless your heart 's as hard as stone—
There 's not a realm around the sphere
With Our Kingdom can compare.

For how could river, lake, and sea
In softer sister hues agree?
Or hills of passionate purple-glow
Far and near more proudly flow?

And where will summer kiss awake
Lovelier flowers by lawn or brake?
Or brighter berries blush between
Foliage of a fresher green?

And if you miss from modern days,
Sweet simple-hearted human ways,
Come! own such ancient virtues rare
In our kingdom cherished are.

The open hospitable door,
The poor man's pittance to the poor,
Unfaltering friendship, loyal love—
Joys your greatest sigh to prove.

O come to us! At break of day
We 'll breast the billows of the bay;
Then range afar with rod or gun,
Sportsmen keen, till set of sun.

Or our advent'rous nymphs beside
With eager oarage take the tide
To mountains fresh and forests new,
Borne along the Atlantic blue.

Pausing awhile, our quest achieved,
On velvet mosses over-leaved
With shelter from the solar glare
Gipsy-wise our feast to share.

O then—or when a moonlit main
Together tempts us home again,
And dipping dreamy oars we go,
Softly singing, laughing low—

Then most of all—beware! beware!
The starry eyes, the night of hair—
Each darkling grace of face and mould,
Silver voices, hearts of gold.

So come to us and gladly own—
Unless your heart 's as hard as stone—
That not one kingdom in the sphere
With our Kerry can compare.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

THOMAS MOORE.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phoebus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
«We are one!»

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ADIEU, ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

«Adieu, adieu; my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

«A few short hours and He will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

«Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.»

««Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

««My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.»»—
«Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

«Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?»—
«Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I 'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

«My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?»—
«Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

«For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

«And now I 'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He 'd tear me where he stands.

«With thee, my bark, I 'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!»

LORD BYRON.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE EXILE.

The swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit thy trees,
The ship that it hastens
Thy ports will contain,
But me—I must never
See England again!

There 's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain;
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee;
But the cloud spreads its wings
To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

THOMAS HOOD.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doomed to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There 's healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that play'st on Albion's shore!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

S O N G.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is lowering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

O, to be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand
and gray;
«Here and here did England help me,—how can I help Eng-
land?»—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and
pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Whene'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all this music
 Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old «Adrian's Mole» in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,

And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and Kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'T is the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANK MAHONY.

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in my green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

* Ireland my darling, Ireland for ever.



The Soldier's Dream.

Oh, how did I feel?—how did I feel?
Why did it come on me so soon?
I felt, for the first time, that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was

Yet all the while, I felt as if I were
One of the many who were
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was
Not a child, but a man, and that I was

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SILENT DEFENSE.

The night was dark— the stars were low;
The wind was strong, and the waves were high;
The night was dark— the stars were low;
The wind was strong, and the waves were high;
The night was dark— the stars were low;
The wind was strong, and the waves were high;

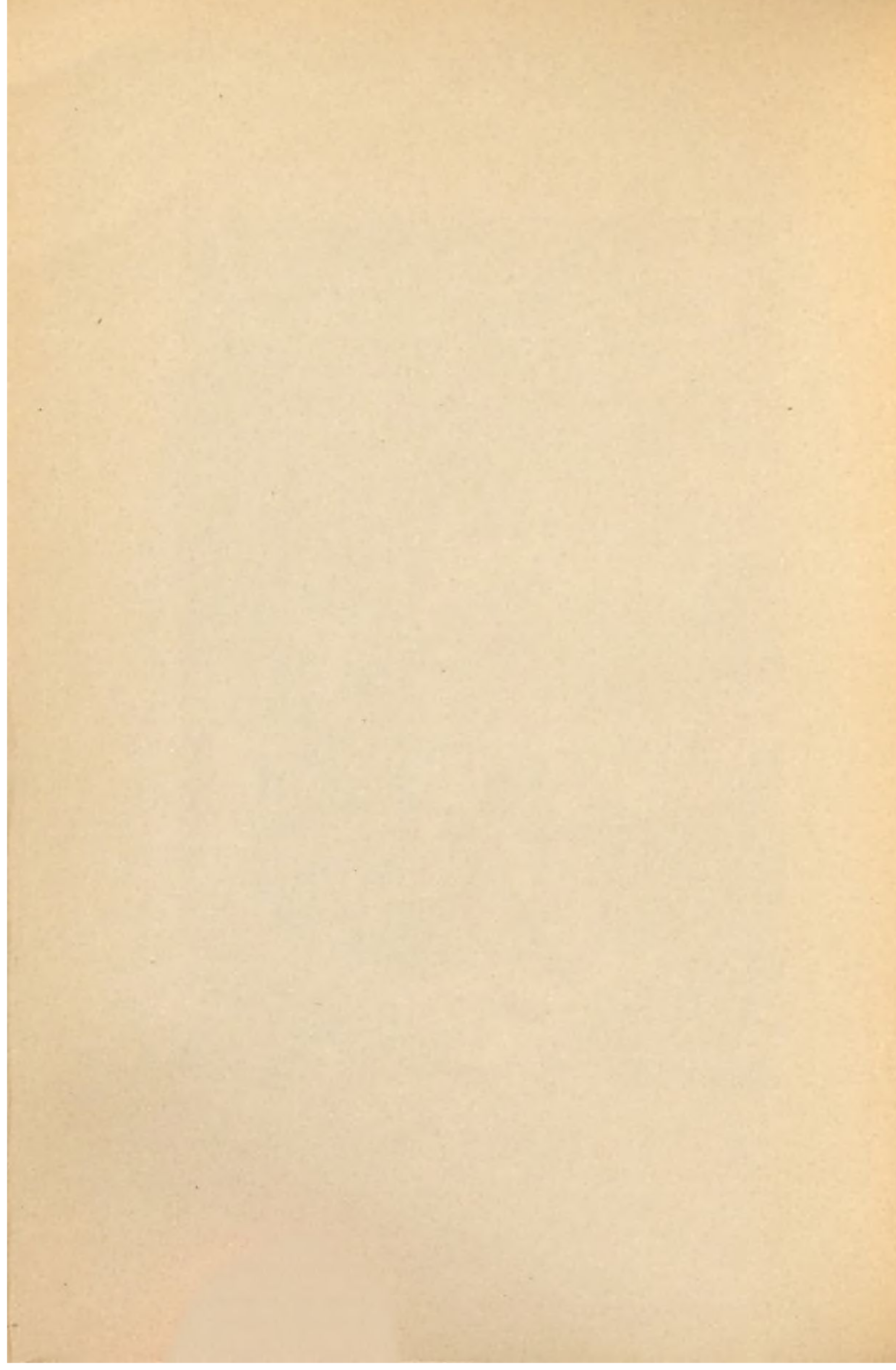
When, passing that point, on my path of sleep,
By the wolf-swarms that guarded the shore;
As the dead of the night a great voice I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Wrought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
Twas Autumn,—and evening arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

* Behind my darling, Ireland she ever.



The Soldier's Dream.



I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves!

JAMES THOMSON.

GOD SAVE THE KING. *

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

* The long controversy about the authorship both of the words and the music of this national song, has at last been decided in favour of Henry Carey, who died 1743, more than 70 years of age. He was undoubtedly the author of God save the King, which he sang for the first time as his own poem and composition at a public dinner given in 1740 to celebrate the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon. It became popular and was generally accepted as the National Anthem during the rebellion of 1745.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing,
God save the King.

O grant him long to see
Friendship and amity
Always increase!
May he his scepter sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice: Huzza!
God save the King!

HENRY CAREY.

YANKEE DOODLE.

A Yankee boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, Sir;
At dance and frolic, hop and ball,
As nimble as a rat, Sir.
Yankee doodle guard your coast,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee doodle dandy.

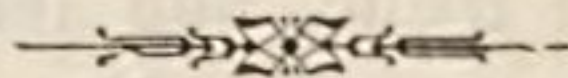
He 's always out on training day,
Commencement or Election;
At truck and trade he knows the way
Of thriving to perfection.
Yankee doodle &c.

His door is always open found,
His cider of the best, Sir,
His board with pumpkin pie is crown'd,
And welcome every guest, Sir.
Yankee doodle &c.

Tho' rough and little is his farm,
That little is his own, Sir,
His heart is strong, his heart is warm,
'Tis truth and honor's throne, Sir.
Yankee doodle &c.

His Country is his pride and boast,
He 'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
When call'd upon to give his toast,
'Tis «Yankee doodle doo,» Sir.
Yankee doodle guard your coast,
Yankee doodle dandy.
Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee doodle dandy.

DR. SHECKBURG.



LIBERTY.

HISTORICAL POEMS.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder storm against the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

LORD BYRON.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

LORD BYRON.

LIBERTY.

The fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around;
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes, the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



AN ODE.

TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

Arise, arise, arise!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread;
Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.
What other grief were it just to pay?
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they;
Who said they were slain on the battle day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;
Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust, where your kindred repose, repose:
Their bones in the grave will start and move,
When they hear the voices of those they love,
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!
When Freedom is riding to conquest by;
Though the slaves that fan her
Be famine and toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war,
But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffered and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have overthrown:
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine:
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet nature has made divine,
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.
But let not the pansy among them be,
We were injured, and that means memory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.
Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,

And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

THOMAS MOORE.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THOMAS MOORE.

A V I S I O N.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's;
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posie—«Liberty!»

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear:
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG.—„MEN OF ENGLAND“.

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood:—

By the foes you 've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We 're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny!—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

B O A D I C E A.

AN ODE.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

«Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

«Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

«Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

«Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

«Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

«Regions Caesar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.»

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you!

WILLIAM COWPER.

G O D I V A.

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry:* for when he laid a tax

* Leofric, Earl of Mercia, in the middle of the eleventh century.
Ed.

Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, «If we pay, we starve;»
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, «If they pay this tax, they starve.»
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
«You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?» — «But I would die,» said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear,
«O ay, ay, ay, you talk!» — «Alas!» she said,
«But prove me what it is I would not do.»
And from a heart, as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, «Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;» and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people, therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down; she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon

Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,*
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,

* „Peeping Tom of Coventry“.—Ed.

One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

LORD TENNYSON.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun.

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chaunted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNEMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

MARK AKENSIDE.

EPITAPH ON KING JOHN.

John rests below. A man more infamous
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power
The oppressed men of England. Englishman!

Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
That Charter which should make thee morn and night
Be thankful for thy birth-place: . . . Englishman!
That holy Charter, which, shouldst thou permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS AT
BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall, they *shall* be free

Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!!

ROBERT BURNS.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
«Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By fame been raised.

«And for myself,» quoth he,
«This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

«Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French Lilies.»

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE ARMA DA.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's Isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Puita, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall.
Many a light fishing-bark put out to spy along the coast,

And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample
space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he, when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's silver shield:
So glared he, when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws the princely hunters
lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers,
fair maids;

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously,—ye breezes waft her wide,
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*,—the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of
gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to East, and swift to West, the warning radiance
spread;

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy
Head

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points
of fire;

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew;

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red
light.

Then bugle's note, and cannon's roar the death-like silence
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
of fear;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer.

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,

And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each
roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike
errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.

Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright
couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the North;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang,—they sprang from
hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace with her victories
No less renowned than war; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

C R O M W E L L.

(FROM „A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR“.)

While with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;
So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea 's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your highness, not for our's alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

EDMUND WALLER.

EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Here Sidney lies, he whom perverted law,
The pliant jury and the bloody judge,
Doom'd to a traitor's death. A tyrant King
Required, an abject country saw and shared
The crime. The noble cause of Liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his country rose
Like Samson from her sleep, and broke her chains,
And proudly with her worthies she enroll'd
Her murder'd Sidney's name. The voice of man
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power
Gives not, nor takes away, the self-applause
Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,
Nor that which God appointed its reward.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found,
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
«'Tis some poor fellow's skull,» said he,
«Who fell in the great victory.»

«I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,» said he,
«Were slain in that great victory.»

«Now tell us what 'twas all about,»
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
«Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.»



Blenheim

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a glorious day.

And the sun was bright and clear.

And the wind was soft and fair.

And the birds were singing sweet.

And the flowers were all in bloom.

And the people were all at home.

The old man sat in his chair.

And he looked out on the war.

And he saw the smoke of the gun.

And he saw the blood of the man.

And he saw the death of the king.

And he saw the fall of the wall.

The king was dead and the queen.

And the people were all in pain.

And the land was all in flames.

And the people were all in tears.

And the king was all in blood.

And the queen was all in red.

I saw them all in the field.

For they were all in the field.

And they were all in the field.

The king was all in the field.

And the queen was all in the field.

And the people were all in the field.

Now tell us what you saw.

Young Peter was the first.

And little William was the last.

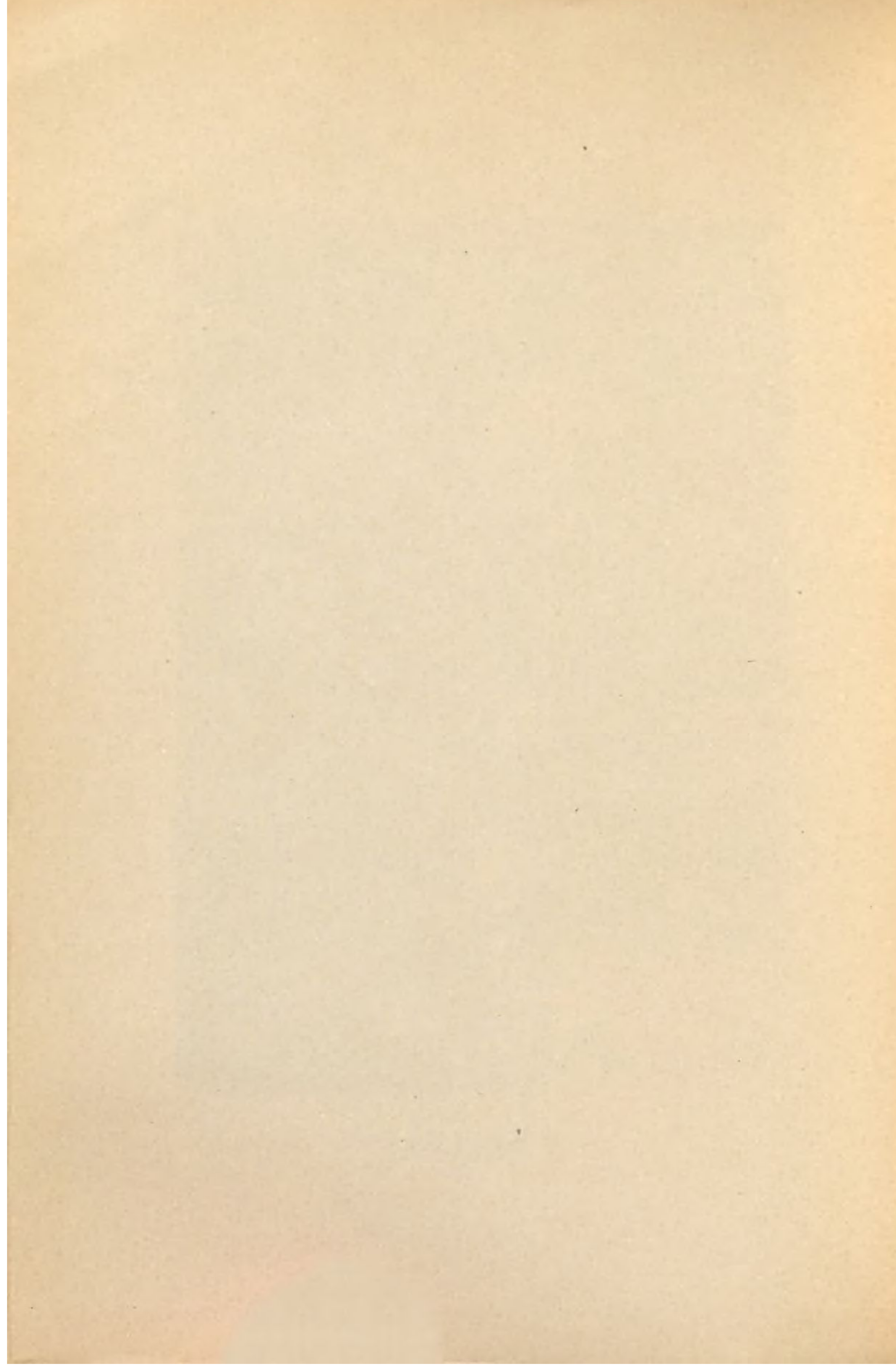
With wonder-waiting eyes.

Now tell us all about the war.

And what they fought and saw.



Blenheim.



«It was the English,» Kaspar cried,
«Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said,» quoth he,
«That 'twas a famous victory.

«My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

«With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

«They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

«Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.»
«Why 'twas a very wicked thing!»
Said little Wilhelmine.
«Nay . . nay . . my little girl,» quoth he,
«It was a famous victory.

«And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.»
«But what good came of it at last?»
Quoth little Peterkin.
«Why that I cannot tell,» said he,
«But 'twas a famous victory.»

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow, in the dew of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king, and a father, to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched,—forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot-bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

TOBIAS SMOLLET.

O D E.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.

«Hearts of oak!» our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
«Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.»—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou: *
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In «pride of place»* here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we,
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

* „Pride of place“ is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—«The foe! They come! they
come!»

And wild and high the «Cameron's gathering» rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
«Charge,» was the captain's cry;
Their's not to reason why,
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre-stroke:
Making an army reel

Shaken and sunder'd,
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode thro' the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward.

LORD TENNYSON.

A M E R I C A.

(FROM „ODE ON VENICE“.)

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
And in its own good season tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought

Rights cheaply earn'd with blood,—Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!

LORD BYRON.

THE VIRGINIAN COLONISTS.

(FROM „POCAHONTAS“.)

Clime of the West! that to the hunter's bow,
And roving hordes of savage men, wert sold,—
Their cone-roofed wigwams pierced the wintry snow,
Their tasselled corn crept sparsely through the mould,
Their bark canoes thy glorious waters clave,
The chase their glory, and the wild their grave—
Look up! a loftier destiny behold,
For to thy coast the fair-haired Saxon steers,
Rich with the spoils of time, the love of bards and seers.
Behold a sail! another, and another!
Like living things on the broad river's breast;—
What were thy secret thoughts, oh, redbrowed brother,
As toward the shore these white-winged wanderers prest?

But lo! emerging from her forest zone,
The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
With nodding plumes her raven tresses drest,
Of queenly step, and form erect and bold,
Yet mute with wondering awe, the New World meets the Old.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?—
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay; and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day
When the Mayflower moor'd below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapp'd the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
And the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look'd dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
'The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dress'd,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallow'd spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With their holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

SEVENTY-SIX.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awaken'd land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand;

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Peal'd far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then march'd the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gather'd waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deem'd it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flow'd at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallow'd to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorr'd—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

H Y M N.

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF CONCORD MONUMENT.

April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the Conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Spirit! who made those freemen dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

T H E W A R N I N G.

Beware! the Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1865.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just !
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust !

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done ; the bond are free ;
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

(INCIDENT OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.)

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.
«Halt!»—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
«Fire!»—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash;
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
«Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,» she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

«Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog. March on!» he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

(INCIDENT OF THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.)

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from the beautiful, blueveined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay:
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
«Somebody's darling lies buried here!»

MARIE LACOSTE.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER.

Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our
Pete;

And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter from
thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn;

Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in
the moderate wind;

Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the
trellis'd vines;

(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?

Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the Sky, so calm, so transparent after the
rain, and with wondrous clouds;

Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm
prosperes well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;

But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's
call;

And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come,
right away.

Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous—her steps
trembling;

She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust
her cap.

Open the envelope quickly;

O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd;

O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's
soul!

All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches
the main words only;

Sentences broken—*gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skir-*
mish, taken to hospital,

At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah, now the single figure to me,

Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and
farms,

Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks
through her sobs;

The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismay'd;)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs
to be better, that brave and simple soul;)

While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already;
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better;

She, with thin form, presently drest in black;

By day her meals untouch'd—then at night fitfully sleeping
often waking,

In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep
longing,

O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life, escape
and withdraw,

To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

WALT WHITMAN.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dumby;

Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develope, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took
a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after
her with timbrels and with dances —EXOD. XV, 20.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our Country, our God—Oh, my sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that 's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

LORD BYRON.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

LORD BYRON.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Fall'n is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne.
Till evil came, and blighted
The long-lov'd olive tree;—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God.

«Go»,—said the Lord—«Ye Conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's.

Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead!»

THOMAS MOORE.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
«Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.»

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

«Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone:
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!»

LORD BYRON.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve:
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
And burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed:
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
«Beauty is truth, truth beauty,»—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

ANCIENT GREECE.

(FROM „THE GIAOUR“.)

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylae?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;

And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page.
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

LORD BYRON.

MODERN GREECE.

(SONG OF THE GREEK POET IN „DON JUAN“.)

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' «Islands of the Blest.»

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, «Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!»
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant! but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

FROM „HELLAS“.

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel, where
Hope lay confined with Despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust—

SEMICHORUS I.

 If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
 And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,
 Before an earthquake's tread.—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone:—
Thermopylae and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
 The springing Fire,—The winged glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
 Like an eagle on a promontory.

Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.
From age to age, from man to man
 It lived, and lit from land to land
 Florence, Albion, Switzerland.
Then night fell; and, as from night,
Re-assuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
 Against the course of heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
 To burn, to kindle, to illume.
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her sanguine steams,
 Hid, but quenched it not; again
 Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
 From utmost Germany to Spain.
As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
When she seeks her aerie hanging
 In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
 Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine:—Freedom, so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns; her hoary ruins glow
Like orient mountains lost in day;
 Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurselings play,
 And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
A Desert, or a Paradise;
 Let the beautiful and the brave
 Share her glory, or a grave.

SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness
Greece did thy cradle strew;

SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness
Greece did thy shroud bedew;

SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection
She followed thy bier through time!

SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection
Re-appeareth, like thou, sublime!

SEMICHORUS I.

If Heaven should resume thee,
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend;

SEMICHORUS II.

If Hell should entomb thee,
So Hell shall her high hearts bend.

SEMICHORUS I.

If Annihilation—

SEMICHORUS II.

Dust let her glories be;
And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

„HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX“.

(16—.)

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all Three;
«Good speed!» cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
«Speed!» echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, «Yet there is time!»

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, «Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix»—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And «Gallop,» gasped Joris, «for Aix is in sight!»

«How they 'll greet us!»—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone,
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt, and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE TRUMPET OF MARS-LA-TOUR.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.)

Death and Destruction they belched forth in vain,
We grimly defied their thunder;
Two columns of foot and batteries twain,
We rode and cleft them asunder.

With brandished sabres, with reins all slack,
Raised standards, and low-couched lances,
Thus we Uhlans and Cuirassiers wildly drove back
And hotly repelled their advances.

But the ride was a ride of death and of blood;
With our thrusts we forced them to sever,
But of two whole regiments, lusty and good,
Out of two men, one rose never.

With breast shot through, with brow gaping wide,
They lay pale and cold in the valley,
Snatched away in their youth, in their manhood's pride—
Now, Trumpeter, sound to the rally!

And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle,
And he blew a blast—but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull hoarse rattle ;

Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing—
A bullet had pierced its metal through,
For the Dead the wounded was sobbing !

For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the Watch on the Rhine, truehearted !
—Oh ! The sound cut into our inmost soul !—
It brokenly wailed the Departed !

And now fell the night, and we galloped past,
Watch-fires were flaring and flying,
Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast— —
And we thought of the Dead and the Dying !

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEGER.

A SANITARY MESSAGE.

Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain,—
A fusillade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane :
The key-hole piped ; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew ;
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife,
A softer voice stole through.

«Give thanks, O brothers!» said the voice,
«That He who sent the rains
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew
That drips from patriot veins :

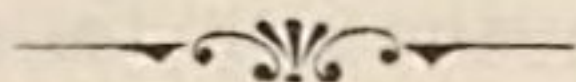
I 've seen the grass on Eastern graves
In brighter verdure rise;
But, oh! the rain that gave it life
Sprang first from human eyes.

«I come to wash away no stain
Upon your wasted lea;
I raise no banners, save the ones
The forest waves to me:
Upon the mountain side, where Spring
Her farthest picket sets,
My reveillé awakes a host
Of grassy bayonets.

«I visit every humble roof;
I mingle with the low:
Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow;
Until, in tricklings of the stream
And drainings of the lea,
My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.»

And thus all night, above the wind,
I heard the welcome rain,—
A fusillade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew;
But, mingling with these sounds of strife,
This hymn of peace stole through.

BRET HARTE.



SOCIETY.

WORK AND PROGRESS.

Forward, forward let us range.
Let the peoples spin for ever down the ringing grooves
of change.

Thro' the shadow of the world we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

LORD TENNYSON.

Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling Futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart: who bear the Cross To-day,
Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

O Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of Desire,
Our yearning opes a portal!
And tho' Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We 'll sow the golden grain To-day,—
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O Chivalry of Labour!
Triumph and Toil are twins: and aye
Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow:
And 'tis the martyrdom To-day,
Brings victory To-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What 's good and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming:
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it 's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

ANONYMOUS. *

* „This bold and spirited poem has been ascribed to several authors, but to none on satisfactory authority. Sir Egerton Brydges has published it among Sir Walter Raleigh's poems, but without a tittle of evidence to show that it was the production of that great man. Mr. Ellis gives it to Joshua Sylvester, evidently by mistake.“

CAMPBELL.

FROM „THE DESERTED VILLAGE“.

(1770.)

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd—
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest!
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied;
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE MANUFACTURING SPIRIT.

(FROM „THE EXCURSION“.)

—An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues. I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of war, which rests not night or day,
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came—
Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers

Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
Or easier links connecting place with place)
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately roads
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned from far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,—spread through spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum

Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous!—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

STEAM.

(FROM „STEAM, AT SHEFFIELD“.)

Come, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;
For there are wonders mightier far than thine;
Watt! and his million-feeding enginry!
Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
But thou canst hear the unwearied crash and roar
Of iron powers, that, urg'd by restless fire,
Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
Or say to greedy man, «Thou dost amiss.»

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
Commingling growl, and roar, and stamp, and hiss,
With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's dream,
It stuns our wondering souls, that start and scream
With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;

And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
Before this metal god; that yet shall chase
The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
Preach science to the desert, and efface
The barren curse from every pathless place
Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
He loves the thunder of machinery!
It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
Like heaven's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
Poor blind old man! what would he give to see
This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels;
This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,
And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore
Along the throng'd canal, in ceaseless roar
Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill
To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown
With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone
Coo for her absent love?—Oh, ne'er again
Will Andrew pluck the freckled foxglove here!
How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
Towers the dense smoke! The falcon, wheeling near,
Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.

At first, with lifted hands in mute surprise,
Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
Brighten with generous pride, that man hath found
Redemption from the manacles which bound
His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
Constructed these grand works! Lo! like the sun,
Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks with joy

Of that futurity which is begun—
Of that great victory which shall be won
By Truth o'er Falsehood; and already feels
Earth shaken by the conflict.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE FACTORY AT NIGHT.

(FROM „THE EXCURSION“.)

—«When soothing darkness spreads
O'er hill and vale,» the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollections, «and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord;
Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the curfew-knell
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest—
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,

Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens, youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.»—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

(FROM „THE EXCURSION“.)

—Domestic bliss

(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!
The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or wood
No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.

Economists will tell you that the State
Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,
And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive
By the destruction of her innocent sons
In whom a premature necessity
Blocks out the forms of nature, preconsumes
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
The infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay!
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether a pining discontent survive,
And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued
The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!
He is a slave to whom release comes not,
And cannot come. The boy, where'er he turns,
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up
Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods;
Or when the sun is shining in the east,
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school
Of his attainments? no; but with the air
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.
His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-flakes
Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.
Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,
His respiration quick and audible;
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush
Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
Is that the countenance, and such the port,

Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed
With dignity befitting his proud hope;
Who, in his very childhood, should appear
Sublime from present purity and joy!
The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,
So joyful in its motions, is become
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;
And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
Through the whole body, with a languid will
Performs its functions; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze,
The gentle visitations of the sun,
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived.
—Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
On such foundations?—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

FROM „THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN“.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

.

«For oh», say the children «we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

«For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,—
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
And, all day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
«O ye wheels,» (breaking out in a mad moaning)
«Stop! be silent for to-day!»—
Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—

Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PRESTON MILLS.

The day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's Mills, by thousands, poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of Liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like «death-in-life» they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side:
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—all so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
O God! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
This is a wailing for the grave!
I whisper'd to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden blasting gale
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
O who would be or have a child?
A mother who would be?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

L O N D O N.

Oh, when I was a little boy,
How often was I told
Of London and its silver walls,
And pavements all of gold;
Of women all so beautiful,
And men so true and bold,
And how all things 'tween earth and sky
Were therein bought and sold.

And so I came to London:

'Twas on a summer's day,
And I walked at times and rode at times,
And whistled all the way;
And the blood rushed to my head,
When Ben, the waggoner, did say—
«Here 's London, boy, the Queen of towns,
As proud as she is gay.»

I listened, and I looked about,
And questioned, and—behold!
The walls were not of silver,
The pavement was not gold;
But women, oh, so beautiful,
And—may I say—so bold,
I saw, and Ben said—«All things here
Are to be bought and sold.»

And I found they sold the dearest things;
The mother sold her child,
And the sailor sold his life away
To plough the waters wild;
And Captains sold commissions
To young gentlemen so mild,
And some thieves sold their brother thieves,
Who hanged were or exiled.

And critics sold their paragraphs;
And poets sold their lays;
And great men sold their little men
With votes of «Ays» and «Nays»;
And parsons sold their holy words,
And blessed rich men's ways;
And women sold their love—(for life,
Or only a few days).

'Twas thus with all:—For gold, bright Art
Her radiant flag unfurled;
And the young rose let its unblown leaves
Be cankered and uncurled.
For gold against the tender heart
The liar's darts were hurled;
And soldiers, whilst Fame's trumpet blew,
Dared death across the world.

And so, farewell to London!
Where men do sell and buy
All things that are (of good and bad)
Beneath the awful sky:
Where some win wealth, and many want;
Some laugh, and many sigh:
Till, at last, all folks, from king to clown,
Shut up their books, and—die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

GOLD.

1.

(FROM „THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES“.)

—Scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

2.

(FROM „QUEEN MAB“.)

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power,
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

3.

(FROM „MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG“.)

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold:
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

„Drown'd '! drown'd!"—HAMLET.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,

With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly;

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the «Song of the Shirt!»

«Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

«Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

«O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

«But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

«Work—work—work!

My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

«Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

«Work—work—work,

In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

«Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

«Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!»

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this «Song of the Shirt!»

THOMAS HOOD.

S A T U R D A Y.

To-morrow will be Sunday, Ann—
Get up, my child, with me;
Thy father rose at four o'clock
To toil for me and thee.

The fine folks use the plate he makes,
And praise it when they dine;
For John has taste—so we 'll be neat,
Altho' we can't be fine.

Then let us shake the carpet well,
And wash and scour the floor,
And hang the weather-glass he made
Beside the cupboard-door.

And polish thou the grate, my love;
I 'll mend the sofa arm;
The autumn winds blow damp and chill;
And John loves to be warm.

And bring the new white curtain out,
And string the pink tape on—
Mechanics should be neat and clean:
And I 'll take heed for John.

And brush the little table, child,
And fetch the ancient books—
John loves to read; and, when he reads,
How like a king he looks!

And fill the music-glasses up
With water fresh and clear;
To-morrow, when he sings and plays,
The *street* will stop to hear.

And throw the dead flowers from the vase,
And rub it till it glows;
For in the leafless garden yet
He 'll find a winter rose.

And lichen from the wood he 'll bring,
And mosses from the dell;
And from the sheltered stubble-field,
The scarlet pimpernell.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.*

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

* This poem was addressed to the children of Cambridge, who presented to the poet on his seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, the arm-chair made from the wood of the Village Blacksmith's chestnut-tree.

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of Autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

Lord, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!

Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

Give them stanch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

ROBERT NICOLL.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd—a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might.
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

FROM „IN MEMORIAM“.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year in dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.



CHANGES OF LIFE.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease:
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

LORD TENNYSON.

CHORUS FROM „ATALANTA IN CALYDON“.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears;
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,

For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eye-sight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire;
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

O STREAM DESCENDING TO THE SEA.

O Stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
Thy leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the labourers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
And be above us still.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
«Life is but an empty dream!»
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
«Dust thou art, to dust returnest,»
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and Who was He?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of Him afford no other trace
Than this,—*There lived a Man.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

(FROM „AS YOU LIKE IT“.)

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd eud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

JOHN KEATS.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy rills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!—
Where once my careless childhood stray'd—
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeter liberty:
Some bold adventurer disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,

And lively cheer of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,—
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE GOLDENING PEACH ON THE ORCHARD WALL.

The goldening peach on the orchard wall,
Soft feeding in the sun,
Hath never so downy and rosy a cheek
As this laughing little one.
The brook that murmurs and dimples alone
Through glen, and grove, and lea,
Hath never a life so merry and true
As my brown little brother of three.
From flower to flower, and from bower to bower,
In my mother's garden green,
A-peering at this, and a-cheering at that,
The funniest ever was seen:—
Now throwing himself in his mother's lap,
With his cheek upon her breast,
He tells his wonderful travels, forsooth!
And chatters himself to rest.
And what may become of that brother of mine,
Asleep in his mother's bosom?
Will the wee rosy bud of his being, at last
Into a wild flower blossom?
Will the hopes that are deepening as silent and fair
As the azure about his eye,
Be told in glory and motherly pride,
Or answered with a sigh?

Let the curtain rest: for, alas! 'tis told
That Mercy's hand benign
Hath woven and spun the gossamer thread
That forms the fabric so fine.
Then dream, dearest Jackie! thy sinless dream,
And waken as blythe and as free;
There 's many a change in twenty long years,
My brown little brother of three.

DAVID GRAY.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;

Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE EFFECTS OF AGE.

Yes; I write verses now and then,
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,
No longer talk'd of by young men
As rather clever;

In the last quarter are my eyes,
You see it by their form and size:
Is it not time then to be wise?
Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!
While Time allows the short reprieve,
Just look at me! would you believe
'Twas once a lover?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timbers' state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:
I cannot say the tender thing,
Be it true or false,

And am beginning to opine
Those girls are only half-divine
Whose waists you wicked boys entwine
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,
I wish them wiser, graver, older,
Sedater, and no harm if colder,
And panting less.

Ah, people were not half so wild
In former days, when, starchly mild,
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
The brave Queen Bess.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again,
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
 «They are gone!»

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmama has said—
Poor old lady; she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

U L Y S S E S.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LORD TENNYSON.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE CRUSE OF TEARS.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

There went a widow woman from the outskirts of the city,
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the stones she trod
to pity.

She wandered, weeping through the fields, by God and man
forsaken,
Still calling on a little child, the reaper Death had taken.

When, lo! upon a day she met a white-robed train advancing,
And brightly on their golden heads, their golden crowns were
glancing;

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones a-maying,
With flowers of spring, and gems of dew, all innocently
playing.

Far from the rest the widow sees, and flies to clasp, her
treasure;

‘What ails thee, darling, that thou must not take with these
thy pleasure?’

‘Oh, mother, little mother mine, behind the rest I tarry,
For see, how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry;

‘If you had ceased to weep for me, when Jesus went a-maying,
I should have been among the blest, with little Jesus playing!’

MRS. EMILY PFEIFFER.

A DIRGE.

(FROM „CYMBELINE“.)

Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o’ the great,
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A D I R G E.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

LORD TENNYSON.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight:

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER!

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh,
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BE STILL, BE STILL, POOR HUMAN HEART.

Be still, be still, poor human heart,
What fitful fever shakes thee now?
The earth's most lovely things depart—
And what art thou?
Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,
Thy blossoms first with poison fill;
For sorrow born, for suffering made,
Poor heart! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet;
Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter;
The flower that decks the Shrine, though sweet,
Dies on its altar:
And thou, more changeful than the cloud,
More restless than the wandering rill,
Like that lone flower in silence bowed,
Poor heart! be still.

ELEONORA LOUISA HERVEY.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are passed
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.

O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.

O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
«Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!»

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

D E C E M B E R.

Only the sea intoning,
Only the wainscot-mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning
Over the lonely house.

Darkest of all Decembers
Ever my life has known,
Sitting here by the embers,
Stunned and helpless, alone,—

Dreaming of two graves lying
Out in the damp and chill:
One where the buzzard, flying,
Pauses at Malvern Hill;

The other,—alas! the pillows
Of that uneasy bed
Rise and fall with the billows
Over our sailor's head.

Theirs the heroic story,—
Died, by frigate and town!
Theirs the Calm and the Glory,
Theirs the Cross and the Crown.

Mine to linger and languish
Here by the wintry sea.
Ah, faint heart! in thy anguish,
What is there left to thee?

Only the sea intoning,
Only the wainscot-mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning
Over the lonely house.

THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There 's nothing true, but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There 's nothing bright, but Heaven!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we 're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There 's nothing calm, but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN A HAPPY LIFE.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance:
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate;
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

EARL OF SURREY.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the wordly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

V I R T U E.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the
theology of the Middle Ages is a mere repetition of
the ideas of the Fathers. In fact, it is a new
theology, based on the ideas of the Fathers, but
developed in a new way. The Middle Ages saw
the rise of the Scholastic movement, which sought
to reconcile the ideas of the Fathers with the
new philosophy of Aristotle. This led to the
development of the Scholastic theology, which
was a new synthesis of the ideas of the Fathers
and the new philosophy.

The Scholastic movement was a reaction to the
simplification of the theology of the Fathers. It
sought to restore the complexity of the theology
of the Fathers, and to show that the ideas of
the Fathers were not merely simple, but were
deeply philosophical. The Scholastic movement
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the complexity of the theology of the Fathers,
and to show that the ideas of the Fathers were
not merely simple, but were deeply philosophical.

LOVE AND THE AFFECTIONS.

Love is life's end, (an end, but never ending,)
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending,)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love 's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

EDMUND SPENSER.

They sin who tell us Love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth:
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FROM „THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE“.

The god of love, and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he!
For he can make of low hertes¹ hie,²
And of high low, and like for to die,
And hard hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound,³
Of sicke folke hole,⁴ fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seke,⁵
He can bind and unbinden eke,
That he woll⁶ have bounden or unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of wise folke full nice,⁷
For he may do all that he woll devise,
And lith⁸ folke to destroyen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.⁹

Shortly, all that ever he woll he may,
Against him dare no wight say nay,
For he can glad and greve whom he liketh,
And who that he woll he lougheth¹⁰ or siketh,¹¹
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

¹ hearts. ² high. ³ a moment; a short space of time. ⁴ whole.
⁵ sick. ⁶ will. ⁷ foolish. ⁸ wicked. ⁹ shudder. ¹⁰ laughs. ¹¹ sighs.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some stering¹
Or to joy or els to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here² the birds sing,
And see the floures and the leaves spring,
That bringeth into hir³ remembraunce
A manner ease,⁴ medled with grevaunce,
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.

And of that longing commeth hevinesse,
And thereof groweth of great sicknesse,
And for lacke of that that they desire,
And thus in May ben⁵ hertes set on fire,
So that they brennen⁶ forth in great distresse.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE SAME, MODERNISED.

The God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick,—bind can he and unbind
All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

¹ stirring. ² hear. ³ their. ⁴ a kind of ease. ⁵ are. ⁶ burn.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of wise;—
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he may;
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stirring—whether
To joy or be it to some mourning; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

For now when they may hear the small birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branches throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mix'd with sorrowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home;
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

L O V E.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams to I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

her red

her red her red her

her red her red her

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He 'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,
And he 'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;

Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might:
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she, whom Love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

(PERCY'S RELIQUES.)

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

(FROM THE DRAMA „QUEEN MARY“.)

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow.
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

LORD TENNYSON.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

ROBERT BURNS.

FROM „W O M A N“.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;

For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

GEORGE CRABBE.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON.

TO — .

Hadst thou lived in days of old,
O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes, that dance
In the midst of their own brightness,
In the very fane of lightness;
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning:
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like the streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow,
Fallen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair, that extends
Into many graceful bends:
As the leaves of hellebore
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness,
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honied voice; the neatness
Of thine ancle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little Loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.

Saving when with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water-lilies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin-sister of Thalia?
At least for ever, evermore
Will I call the Graces four.
Hadst thou lived when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been?
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broider'd-floating vest
Covering half thine ivory breast;
Which, O Heavens! I should see,
But that cruel Destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there,
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested,
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes,
Like the gentle lily's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheath!
Sign of the enchanter's death;
Bane of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.
Alas! thou this wilt never do:

Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

JOHN KEATS.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She 'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

ROBERT BURNS.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;

And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They 've hush'd the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She 's coming, she 's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she 's here—she 's past—
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturb'd, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPFACE THACKERAY.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

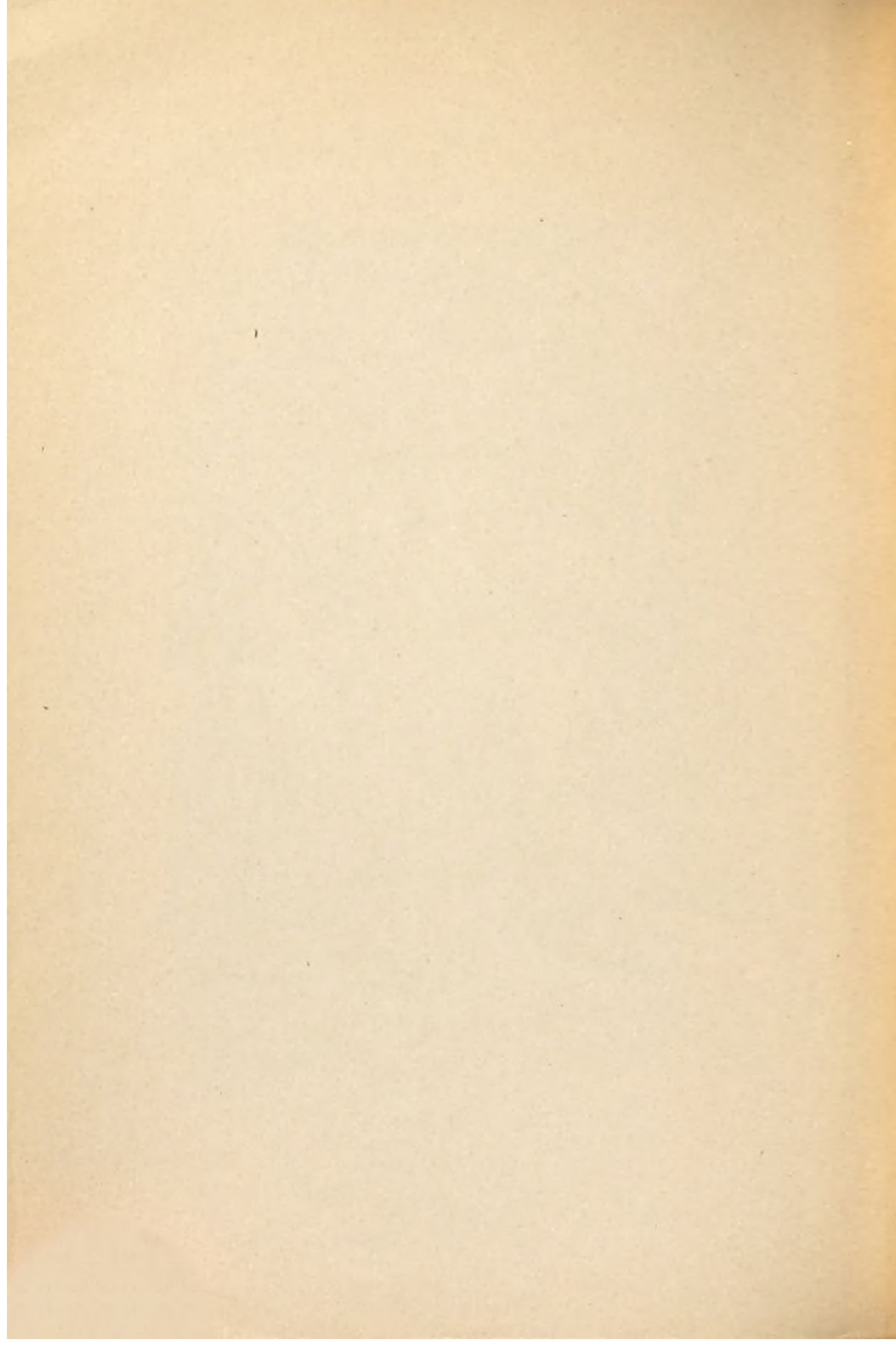
What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than 's fit for men?
These are but vain: that 's only good
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



„Go, lovely Rose!“



S O N N E T.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

SONG.

Gather ye rose-buds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he 's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;—
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
Why to the shelter should she come
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave?—
Oh, Maid of Isla, 'tis her home!

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
Thou 'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you 're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
 Now half quenched appears,
Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
 Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
 Soon you 'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
 Not with age, but woe!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain;

For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I 'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I 'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray:
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;

It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young :
I love thee—I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

THOMAS HOOD.

SONG.

(FROM „THE PRINCESS“.)

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG.

(FROM „CYMBELINE“.)

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo;
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I 'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O;
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I 'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;

Gie me the hour o' gloaming grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

ROBERT BURNS.

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth 's awake, and love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then 's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all 's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

THOMAS MOORE.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

ROBERT BROWNING.

PASTORAL SONG.

I wander'd by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;

For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on a golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

LORD HOUGHTON.

F A T I M A.

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers:
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:
I rolled among the tender flowers:
 I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:
 I look'd athwart the burning drouth
 Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
 O Love, O fire, once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly: from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
 In my dry brain my spirit soon,
 Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,
 Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
 And, isled in sudden seas of light,
 My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
 Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye,
I *will* possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

LORD TENNYSON.

S O N N E T.

O kiss! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found Paradise:
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise;
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls, together ties
By links of love, and only Nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part!
But She forbids; with blushing words she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise:
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since, dear Life! you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE KISS—A DIALOGUE.

1. Among thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:
It is a creature born, and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
CHOR.—And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
CHOR — And stills the bride too when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies: now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
CHOR.—And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
CHOR — And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings;
CHOR.—Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK.

T O C E L I A.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be:

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee!

BEN JONSON.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I 'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I 'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

ROBERT BURNS.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like, confined, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king:
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, an' farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I 've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
An' no for the dangers attending on weir,
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, an' rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
An' beauty an' love 's the reward o' the brave,
An' I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
An' without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour an' fame,
An' if I shou'd luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee wi' love running o'er,
An' then I 'll leave thee an' Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we 've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes

On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee
Oh! then remember me!

THOMAS MOORE.

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;

But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say «Father!»
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 't is done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!

Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

LORD BYRON.

A B S E N C E.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'er hill, and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thought must fly to rest on thee,
And would, though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks
The farther we are forc'd apart,
Affection's firm elastic links
But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee;
Alas, that nothing less could teach,
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis priz'd:
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recogniz'd!

THOMAS HOOD.

S O N N E T.

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimm'd her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast:
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

EDMUND SPENSER.

S O N N E T.

Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love;

And wand'ring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove:
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my way, whiles her fair light I miss,
And death my life, that wants such lively bliss.

EDMUND SPENSER.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE IRISH EXILE'S LOVE.

With pensive eyes she passed the church,
And up the leafy woodland came;
Until she reached the silver birch
Where, long ago, he carved her name.

And «Oh!» she sighed, as soft she kissed
With loving lips that gentle tree,
«Alone, alone, I keep the tryst,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.

«Return! Columbia's realm afar,
Where year by year your feet delay,
We cannot match for sun or star
By silver night or golden day.

«Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer lustre lights her flowers;
Yet still they say no bird can sing
Or blossom breathe as sweet as ours.

«Return! Her levin-flashes dire
Affright not here. We never know
Her awful rushing prairie-fire—
The silent horror of her snow.

«Return! Her heart is wise and bold—
Her borders beautiful and free—
Yet still the New is not the Old,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.»

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.*

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I 'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here!

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I 'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I think on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill;
When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies.

* „Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'.“—Ed.

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I think on thee by day,
 'Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
 Is far too glad and loud!
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
 And thy young sweet smile I see:
My heart,—my heart were all alone,
 But for its dreams of thee!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

TO—.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I gaze upon a city,—
A city new and strange,—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,

And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you 're in England,
But I 'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you 're in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The Genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you 're in England,
But I 'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in its crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud;
The flavour now of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you 're in England,
And I 'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;

It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam—
«The Girl I love in England»
I drink at Rotterdam!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me:
Though long before thy hand they touch,

I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LORD BYRON.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, «Oh, soon return!»
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone:
And still where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
«Oh, soon return!»

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'T was when the combat rag'd around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.
And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn,
Those parting words I heard once more,
«Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon return!»

THOMAS MOORE.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Welcome on shore again,
Robin Adair!

Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!

I feel thy trembling hand,
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair!

Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair!

When thou wert far at sea,
Many made love to me!
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,

Robin Adair!

Never to part again,

Robin Adair!

And if thou still art true,

I will be constant too,

And will wed none but you,

Robin Adair!

ANONYMOUS.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

The brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—

False tidings reached the Rhenish strand

That he had fallen in fight;

And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,

O loveliest maiden of Allémayne!

For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,

In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale?

For her vow had scarce been sworn,

And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,

When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—

'Twas her own dear warrior's horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed—shall break!

She would have hung upon his neck,

Had he come but yester-even;

And he had clasped those peerless charms

That shall never, never fill his arms,

Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear still 'midst his woes;
For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There 's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle;
Thence sad and oft looked he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died!—He sought the battle-plain;
Her image filled his dying brain,
When he fell and wished to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer-look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 't were so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then 's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light;

Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.

THOMAS MOORE.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME.

(FROM „LALLA ROOKH“.)

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silv'ry-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy ev'ry glance and tone
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

* The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past.
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought,
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art follow'd by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own:
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
—Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted:
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister! on my breast!

FELICIA HEMANS.

MOTHER! OH, SING ME TO REST.

Mother! oh, sing me to rest
As in my bright days departed:
Sing to thy child, the sick-hearted,
Songs for a spirit oppress'd.

Lay this tired head on thy breast!
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,
Pilgrims and mourners reposing:
Mother! oh, sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!
Weary is young life when blighted,
Heavy this love unrequited;
—Mother, oh! sing me to rest!

FELICIA HEMANS.

M A R I A N A.

„Mariana in the moated grange.“—
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinging latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, «My life is dreary,
He cometh not,» she said;
She said, «I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!»

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried :
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, «The night is dreary,
He cometh not,» she said ;
She said, «I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!»

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, «The day is dreary,
He cometh not,» she said ;
She said, «I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!»

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, «My life is dreary,

He cometh not,» she said ;

She said, «I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead!»

And ever when the moon was low,

And the shrill winds were up and away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,

She saw the gusty shadow sway.

But when the moon was very low,

And wild winds bound within their cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell

Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, «The night is dreary,

He cometh not,» she said ;

She said, «I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead!»

All day within the dreamy house,

The doors upon their hinges creak'd,

The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about.

Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,

Old footsteps trod the upper floors,

Old voices call'd her from without.

She only said, «My life is dreary,

He cometh not,» she said ;

She said, «I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead!»

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,

The slow clock ticking, and the sound

Which to the wooing wind aloof

The poplar made, did all confound

Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, «I am very dreary,
He will not come,» she said ;
She wept, «I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!»

LORD TENNYSON.

THE FORSAKEN.

The dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh,
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain :
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep :
I wish'd that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to gray,
Once they were black and well belov'd,
But thou art chang'd,—and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee!

THOMAS HOOD.

QUEEN MARY'S SONG.

(FROM THE DRAMA „QUEEN MARY“.)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute ; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken,
Low, my lute! Oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!

LORD TENNYSON.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn!
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears!
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Oh! no, we never mention her, her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word;
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others
see,
But were I in a foreign land, they 'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree,—but how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall the past to me,
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;

The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set,
Aye, every leaf I look upon forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now, the gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me too, but I heed not what they
say ;

Perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget.

THOMAS HAYNES BAILY.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O Lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;

Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

W E D D E D.

(PROVENÇAL AIR.)

The happy bells shall ring,
Marguerite;
The summer birds shall sing,
Marguerite;—
You smile, but you shall wea
Orange-blossoms in your hair,
Marguerite.

Ah me! the bells have rung,
Marguerite;
The summer birds have sung,
Marguerite;—
But cypress leaf and rue
Make a sorry wreath for you,
Marguerite.

THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

THE MESSAGE.

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone to rest:
To rest in the far bright Heaven—
Oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an angel to hear it,
And lay it down at her feet.
I placed it, one summer's evening,
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendour,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.
I cried, in my passionate longing,
Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.

It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.*

(IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.)

Until we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words, that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

* From the posthumous collection of Mr. Longfellow's last unprinted poems: „In the Harbor“.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
 A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
 Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
 We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown
 Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
 Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
 Until we meet again!

SHE 'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven:
«Ye 're owre pure,» quo' the voice o' God,
«For dwelling out o' heaven!»

O what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what 'll she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My soul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

ROBERT BURNS.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Tell me these scenes my memory wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 And at what hour thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou those groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

W I S H.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

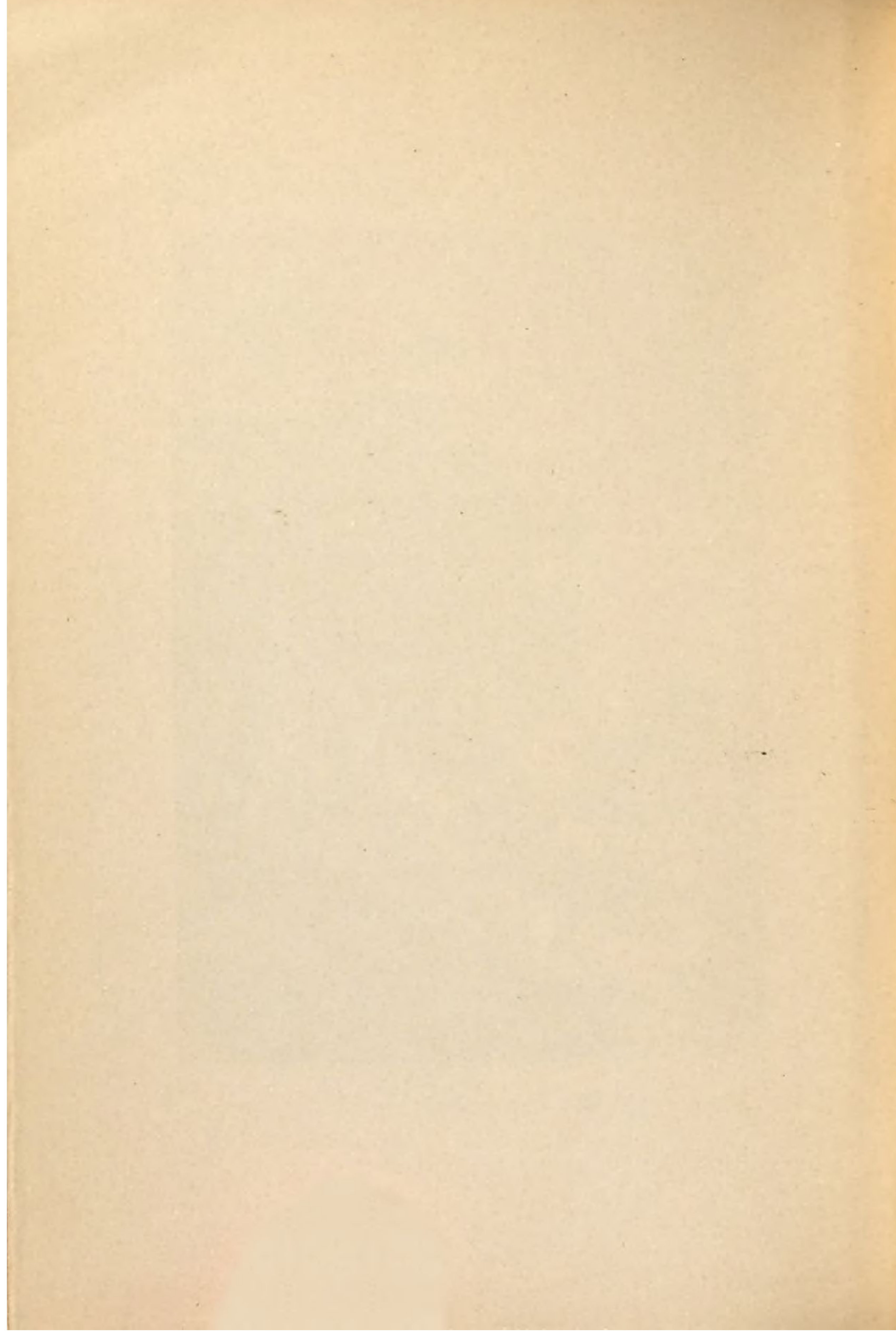
Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.



„Mine be a cot beside the hill.“



R U T H.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BRIDE.

(FROM „A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING“.)

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide, a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.*

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison,
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

* „The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sun dances upon that morning.
CHAMBERS.

MY WIFE 'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer:
And neist my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't;
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I 'll blythly bear it,
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOV'D.

Oh, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.

What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turned to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee *more*,
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

THOMAS MOORE.

A HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY. A HUSBAND IS
CONVERSING WITH HIS WIFE.

For there are two heavens, sweet,
Both made of love,—one, inconceivable
Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;
The other, far on *this* side of the stars,
By men call'd *home*, when some blest pair are met
As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are match'd) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation,
By summer-moon, or curtain'd fire in frost;
And by degrees there come,—not always come,
Yet mostly,—other, smaller inmates there,

Cherubic-fac'd, yet growing like those two,
Their pride and playmates, not without meek fear,
Since God sometimes to his own cherubim
Takes those sweet cheeks of earth. And so 'twixt joy,
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.—

LEIGH HUNT.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

T O M A R Y.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast:
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;—
'T was my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

WILLIAM COWPER.

S O N N E T.

TO A FRIEND WHO ASKED, HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE
FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—
'T was even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

L U L L A B Y.

(FROM „THE PRINCESS“.)

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

LORD TENNYSON.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow
The landscape smil'd;
Whilst low'd the newly-waken'd herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
«Thou hast a child!»

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept:

When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Altho' it be not silver-grey;
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, Mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

OH, MANY A LEAF WILL FALL TO-NIGHT.

Oh, many a leaf will fall to-night,
As she wanders through the wood!
And many an angry gust will break
The dreary solitude.
I wonder if she 's past the bridge
Where Luggie moans beneath;

While rain-drops clash in planted lines
On rivulet and heath.
Disease hath laid his palsied palm
Upon my aching brow ;
The headlong blood of twenty-one
Is thin and sluggish now.
'Tis nearly ten ! A fearful night
Without a single star
To light the shadow on her soul
With sparkle from afar :
The moon is canopied with clouds,
And her burden it is sore ;—
What would wee Jackie do, if he
Should never see her more ?
Aye, light the lamp, and hang it up
At the window fair and free ;
'T will be a beacon on the hill
To let your mother see.
And trim it well, my little Ann,
For the night is wet and cold,
And you know the weary, winding way
Across the miry wold.
All drenched will be her simple gown,
And the wet will reach her skin :
I wish that I could wander down,
And the red quarry win—
To take the burden from her back,
And place it upon mine ;
With words of cheerful condolence,
Not uttered to repine.
You have a kindly mother, dears,
As ever bore a child,
And heaven knows I love her well
In passion undefiled.
Ah me ! I never thought that she

Would brave a night like this,
While I sat weaving by the fire
A web of phantasies.
How the winds beat this home of ours
With arrow-falls of rain;
This lonely home upon the hill
They beat with might and main.
And 'mid the tempest one low heart
Anticipates the glow,
Whence, all her weary journey done,
Shall happy welcome flow.
'Tis after ten! Oh, were she here,
Young man altho' I be,
I could fall down upon her neck,
And weep right gushingly!
I have not loved her half enough,
The dear old toiling one,
The silent watcher by my bed,
In shadow or in sun.

DAVID GRAY.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS
AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that 's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,—
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamblike frisk,
He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above!)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

O thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding-sheet;
I canna leave thy comely clay,
An' features calm an' sweet.
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane.

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling ee
Wi' kindling vigour shine:

I thought when I was failed, I might
Wi' you an' yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane.

Now closed an' set that sparkling ee,
Thy breast is cauld as clay;
An' a' my hope, an' a' my joy,
Wi' thee are reft away.
Ah, fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again!
But thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane.

The flower, now fading on the lea,
Shall fresher rise to view;
The leaf, just fallen frae the tree,
The year will soon renew;
But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again,
For thou art fled, my bonnie boy,
An' left me here alane!

JAMES HOGG.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

S O N G.

(FROM „THE PRINCESS“.)

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
And kiss'd again with tears:
And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree:
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!

«He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou 'lt see.

«A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.»

And has he left his birds and flowers;
 And must I call in vain?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade
 Are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!

FELICIA HEMANS.

OH! LOVE WHILE LOVE IS LEFT TO THEE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF F. FREILIGRATH.)

Oh! love while Love is left to thee;
 Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
 The hour will come when bitterly
 Thou 'lt mourn by silent graves, alone!

And let thy breast with kindness glow,
 And gentle thoughts within thee move,
 While yet a heart, through weal and woe,
 Beats to thine own in faithful love.

And who to thee his heart doth bare,
 Take heed thou fondly cherish him:
 And gladden thou his every hour,
 And not an hour with sorrow dim!

And guard thy lips and keep them still;
 Too soon escapes an angry word:
 «Oh God! I did not mean it ill!»
 But yet he sorrowed as he heard.

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Oh! love while Love is left to thee:
Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou 'lt mourn by silent graves, alone.

Unheard, unheeded then, alas!
Kneeling, thou 'lt hide thy streaming eyes
Amid the long damp churchyard grass,
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur: «Oh, look down on me,
Mourning my causeless anger still;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Oh God! I did not mean it ill!»

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain thine arms are flung to heaven!
And, hushed the loved lips fond caress,
It answers not: «I *have* forgiven!»

He *did* forgive — long, long ago!
But many a burning tear he shed
O'er thine unkindness — softly now!
He slumbers with the silent dead.

Oh! love while Love is left to thee;
Oh! love while Love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou 'lt mourn by silent graves—alone!

M. G.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

«Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?»
«How many? Seven in all,» she said,
And wondering looked at me.

«And where are they? I pray you tell.»
She answered, «Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.»

«You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.»



„We are seven!“

Then did the little Maid reply,
«Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.»

«You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.»

«Their graves are green, they may be seen,»
The little Maid replied,
«Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.»

«How many are you, then,» said I,
«If they two are in heaven?»
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
«O Master! we are seven.»

«But they are dead; those two are dead
Their spirits are in heaven!»
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, «Nay, we are seven!»

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were lock'd—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rock'd,
Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man,
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne,
For auld, &c.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne!
For auld, &c.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

CAROLINE NORTON.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

(FROM „CHRISTABEL“.)

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;

A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

C H A N G E D.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah, the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I have not yet received your letter of the 10th inst.
 but I am glad to hear that you are well.
 I am, I hope, in the same way.
 I am, I hope, in the same way.

I am, I hope, in the same way.
 I am, I hope, in the same way.

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I am, I hope, in the same way.
 I am, I hope, in the same way.

NATURE AND THE SEASONS.

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled;
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HYMN TO PAN.

(FROM „ENDYMION“.)

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom

Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low-creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh-budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit:
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping:
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:

Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors!
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings: such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paeon,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

NATURE.

(FROM „AUTUMN“.)

O, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,

Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought.
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

JAMES THOMSON.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Like some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy,
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining
Dost ask what thou hast not?

Of the future dreaming
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming,
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip bending,
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone,
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

„OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS“.

Oh fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thy eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpress'd,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I 'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He 'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

S O L I T U D E.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone, this, this is solitude!

LORD BYRON.



Solitude.

And stretched, and too solitary he,
When alone and his own company;
He felt the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SOLITUDE.

(FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.)

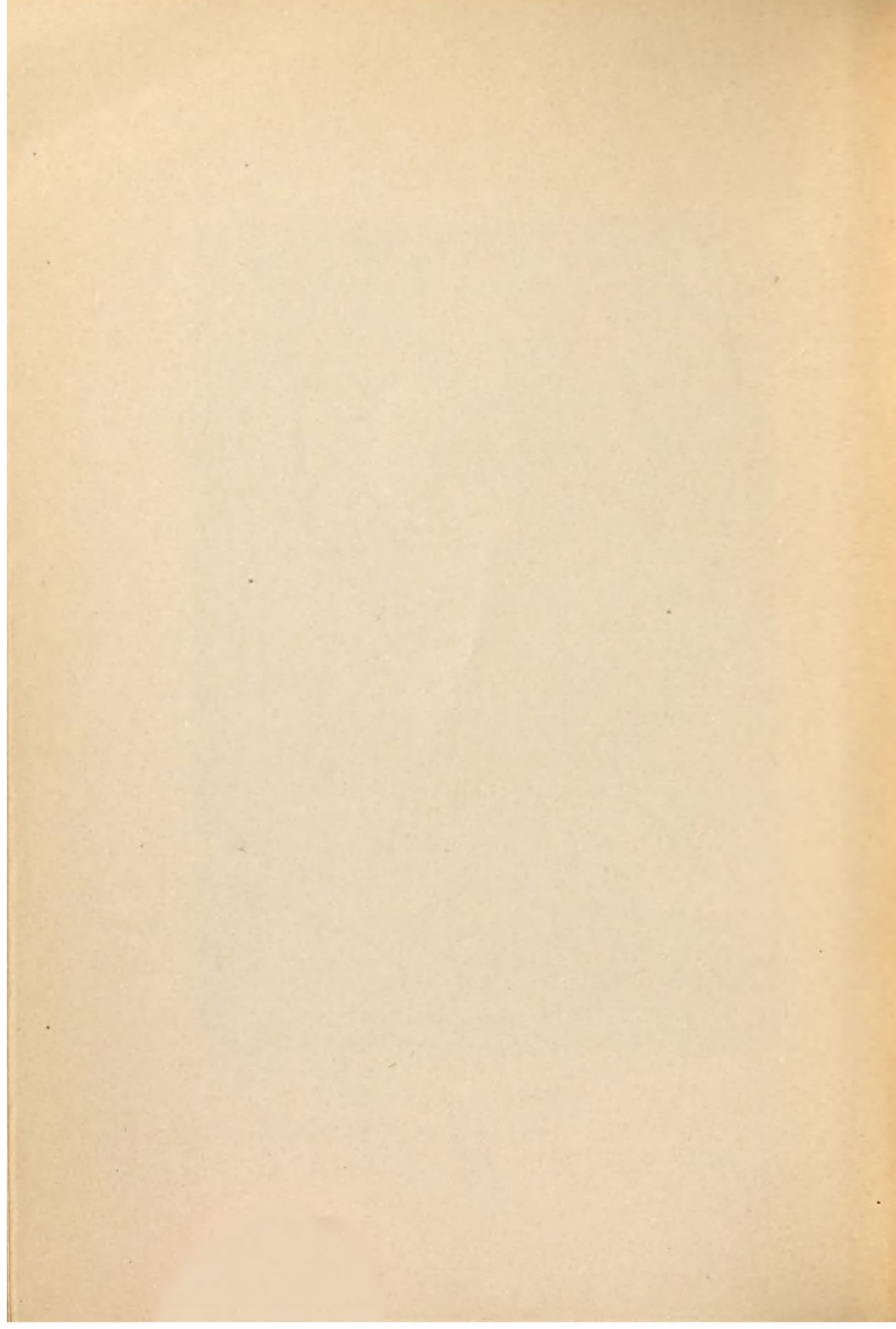
To sit on rocks, to meet o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that man's dominion dwell,
And mortal feet hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Along o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude: 't is but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Visions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone, this, this is solitude!

LORD BYRON.



S o l i t u d e .



TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I 'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

JOHN KEATS.

S O N N E T.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days;
And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;

And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I 'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

ODE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though nor real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
«The hand that made us is divine.»

JOSEPH ADDISON.

LIGHT.

(FROM „PARADISE LOST“.)

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall—
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
 When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
 The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that like a rainbow chase
 The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
 Comes out upon the air;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
 On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight,
Glitters that pure, emerging light;
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmur'd talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE STARS.

„WITHOUT HASTE AND WITHOUT REST“.

They glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright,
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night:
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

And, oh! how still beneath the stars
The once wild noisy Earth doth lie;
As though she now forsook her jars,
And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)
In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orb'd Souls, for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright:
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be, still,—a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE STARS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.)

The sun, he made his wide, wide ride
Round the world;
And the Stars they said: «We will go by thy side,
Round the world.»
But the sun waxed wrath: «At home ye stay,
Or I burn your golden eyes away
In my fiery ride round the world.»
And the stars to the kindly moon repair
In the night,
Saying: «Thou throned on the clouds of air
In the night!
Let us wander with thee, for thy gentle ray
Will never more burn our soft eyes away!»
And she took them, companions of night.
Now welcome! ye stars, and thou moon so kind,
In the night;
Ye know what dwells in the heart and mind,
In the night.
Come and kindle the lights in the firmament blue,
That I may revel and sport like you
In the kindly sports of the night.

ERNEST JONES.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

The sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd,
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh, no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STAR SIRIUS.

Bright Sirius! that when Orion pales
To dottings under moonlight still art keen
With cheerful fervour of a warrior's mien
Who holds in his great heart the battle-scales!
Unquenched of flame though swift the flood assails,
Reducing many lustrous to the lean:
Be thou my star, and thou in me be seen
To show what source divine is, and prevails.
Long watches through, at one with godly night,
I mark thee planting joy in constant fire;

And thy quick beams, whose jets of life inspire
Life to the spirit, passion for the light,
Dark Earth since first she lost her lord from sight
Has viewed and felt them sweep her as a lyre.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the lights of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

The water! the water!
 The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth, through the quiet night,
 Its ever-living glee.
The water! the water!
 That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
 And loveth to impart
To all around it some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The water! the water!
 The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone,
 Beside the alder tree.
The water! the water!
 That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and looked on while a child,
 In deepest wondering,—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The water! the water!

The merry, wanton brook,
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine own shepherd crook.

The water! the water!

That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still at night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The water! the water!

The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The water! the water!

That murmur'd in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear;
And whisper, in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The water! the water!

Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The water! the water!

Where I have happy been,
And shower'd upon its bosom flowers
Cull'd from each meadow green,
And idly hoped my life would be
So crown'd by love's idolatry.

The water! the water!

My heart yet burns to think

How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parched lip to drink.
The water! the water!
Of mine own native glen;
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again;
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The water! the water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I 've long'd
To find my silent grave.
The water! the water!
Oh bless'd to me thou art;
Thus sounding in life's solitude,
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The water! the water!
The mournful, pensive tone,
That whisper'd to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The water! the water!
That roll'd so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As wandering on it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE MELODIES OF MORNING.

(FROM „THE MINSTREL“.)

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

JAMES BEATTIE.

AUBADE TRISTE.

(FROM „AN ITALIAN GARDEN“.)

The last pale rank of poplar-trees
Begins to glimmer into light,
With stems and branches faintly white
Against a heaven one dimly sees
Beyond the failing night.

A point of grey that grows to green
Fleck'd o'er with rainy yellow bars,—
A sudden whitening of the stars,
A pallor where the moon has been,
A peace the morning mars.

When, lo! a shiver of the breeze
And all the ruffled birds awake,
The rustling aspens stir and shake,
For, pale, beyond the pallid trees,
The dawn begins to break.

And now the air turns cool and wan,
A drizzling rain begins to fall,
The sky clouds over with a pall—
The night, that was for me, is gone,
The day has come for all.

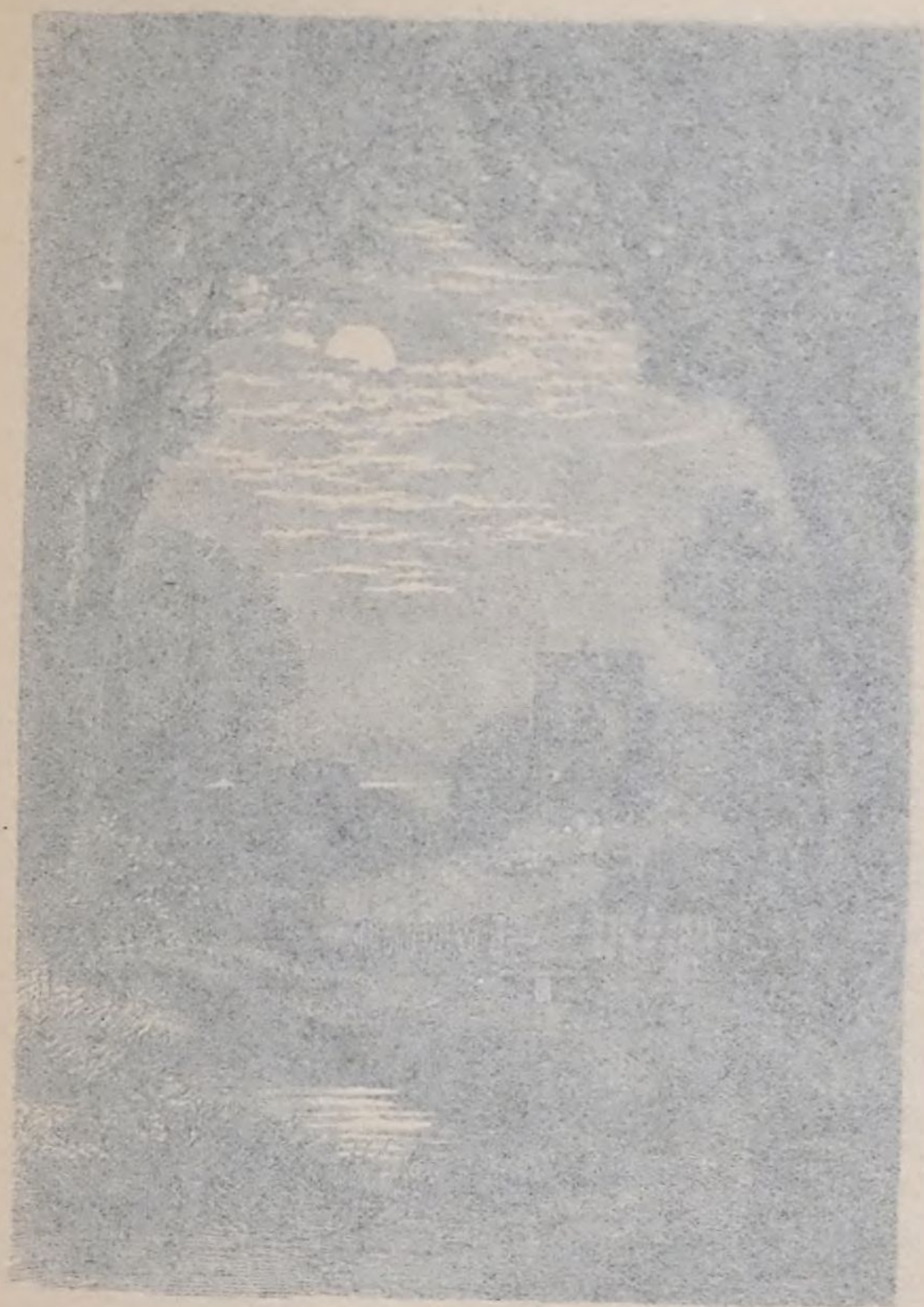
MARY F. ROBINSON.

EVENING.

(FROM „DON JUAN“.)

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,



H i g h t.

A patch of grey that grows to green
 Over the sea with rainy yellow haze—
 A sudden gleaming of the stars,
 A paler where the moon has been,
 To mark the morning mares.

What! but a shiver of the breeze
 And all the ruffled birds awake,
 The venting aspens stir and shake,
 The pale, beyond the pallid trees,
 The dawn begins to break.

And now the air turns cool and wan,
 A dusky eve begins to fall,
 The sky abounds over with a pall—
 The sign, that was for me, is gone,
 The day has come for all.

MARY F. ROBINSON.

EVENING.

(FROM "DON JUAN".)

O! Sleepers! thou bringest all good things—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,



N i g h t.

As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

LORD BYRON.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

—The sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree, or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
Asunder, and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The day is ending,
The night is descending,
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences:
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The Ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains!—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the grove of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
—Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet:
Oh! what have you look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd?
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown:
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land where there falls no blight—
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more;
I go, where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well, farewell!

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH
IN APRIL 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour!
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the «*share*» uptears thy bed
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

ROBERT BURNS.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hast'ning day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
 We die,

As your hours do; and dry
 Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

GOLDEN GLORIES.

The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil,
The gorse common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,
And golden drips the honey which the bee
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers and stores and sips.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

O! could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.*

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

*According to recent investigations Michael Bruce (1746—1767) must be considered the author of this beautiful poem.—Ed.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,

O'er the red streamer that heralds the day:
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Bird of the wilderness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place—
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down:
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good morrow;
But sweeter to hark in the twinkling dark,
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth, was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And her's is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! The sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream,
Come away!

All the air is fill'd with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away!

Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells,
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom,
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time,
Come away—away!

FELICIA HEMANS.

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer-woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant «true-love»,
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the wood-pecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer-wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

From come the little gentle birds,
 Without a fear of ill;
 Down to the murmuring water's edge
 And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
 The merry little things;
 And look askance with bright black eyes,
 And flit their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
 Down from their leafy tree,
 The little squirrels with the old,—
 Great joy it was to me!

And down runs the running brook,
 I've seen them nimbly go;
 And the bright water seemed to speak
 A welcome kind and low.

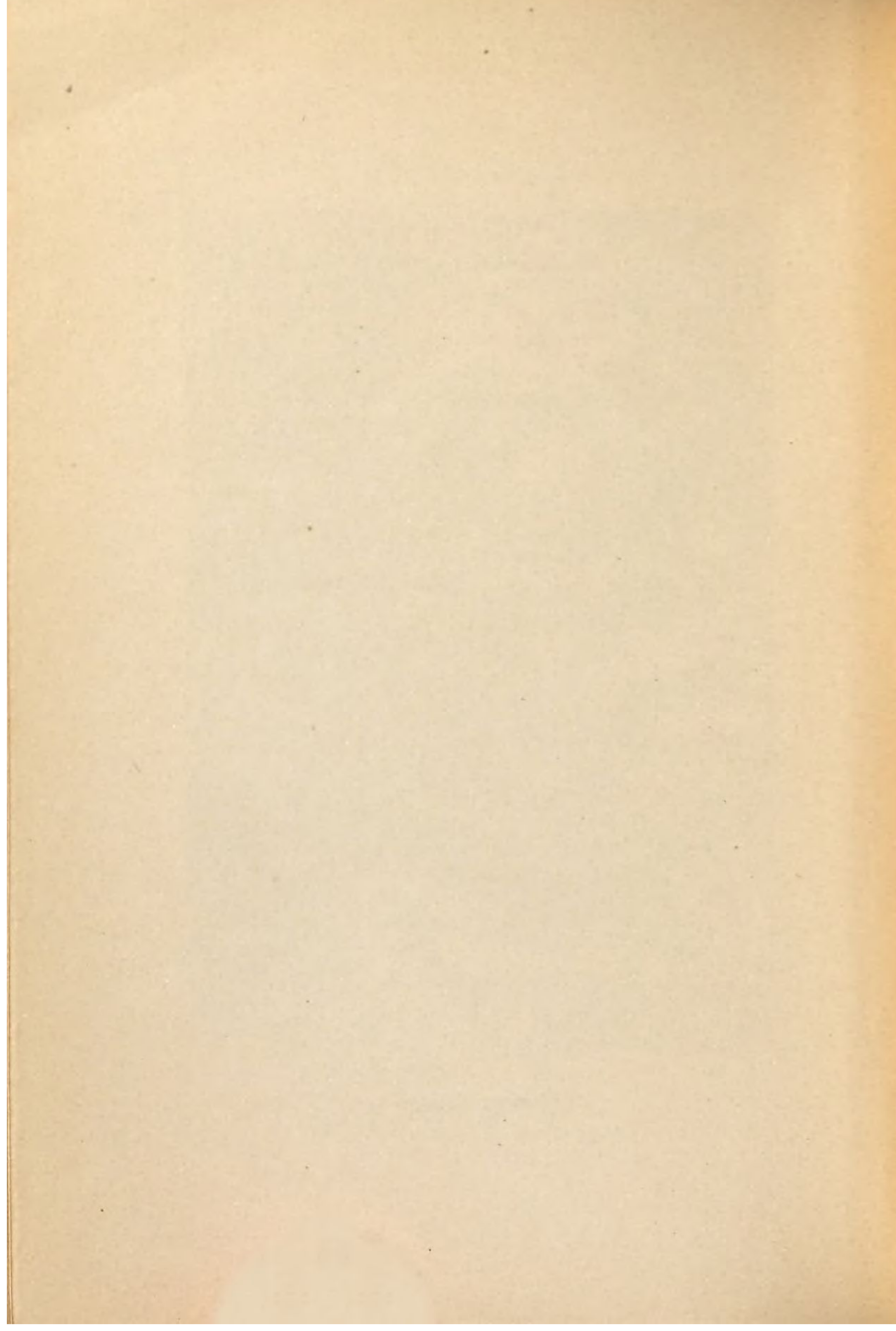
The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
 As if, in heartsome cheer,
 They spake unto those little things,
 "Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
 I saw that all was good,
 And how we might glean up delight
 All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
 Beneath the old-wood shade,
 And all day long has work to do,
 Nor is, of aught, afraid.



Summer Woods.



The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine,
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
'Mong them for *mine and thine*.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the greenwood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

(FROM „AS YOU LIKE IT“.)

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET.

(ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.)

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

F L O W E R S.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch
In too much haste to wed,

And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom 's betroth'd to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE HAREBELL.

It springeth on the heath,
The forest-tree beneath,
Like to some elfin dweller of the wild;
Light as a breeze astir,
Stemmed with the gossamer;
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.

The very flower to take
Into the heart, and make
The cherished memory of all pleasant places;
Name but the light harebell,
And straight is pictured well
Where'er of fallen state lie lonely traces.

We vision wild sea-rocks,
Where hang its clustering locks,
Waving at dizzy height o'er ocean's brink;
The hermit's scooped cell;
The forest's sylvan well,
Where the poor wounded hart came down to drink.

We vision moors far-spread,
Where blooms the heather red,
And hunters with their dogs lie down at noon;
Lone shepherd-boys who keep
On mountain-sides their sheep,
Cheating the time with flowers and fancies boon.

Old slopes of pasture ground;
Old fosse, and moat, and mound,
Where the mailed warrior and crusader came;
Old walls of crumbling stone,
Where trails the snap-dragon,
Rise at the speaking of the Harebell's name.

We see the sere turf brown,
And the dry yarrow's crown
Scarce raising from the stem its thick-set flowers;
The pale hawkweed we see,
The blue-flowered chiccory,
And the strong ivy-growth o'er crumbling towers.

Light Harebell, there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of the old splendour of the days gone by,
Waving, if but a breeze
Pant through the chestnut trees,
That on the hill-top grow broad-branched and high.

Oh, when I look on thee,
In thy fair symmetry,
And look on other flowers as fair beside,
My sense is gratitude,
That God has been thus good,
To scatter flowers, like common blessings, wide!

MARY HOWITT.

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest,—but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom,
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman:
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

THE LIME TREE.

Sing, sing the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen.
When high over head, its arms are spread,
And bees are busily buzzing round;
When the sun and the shade a woof have laid
Of flickering network on the ground.
I love the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen.

When the Switzer fought and gallantly wrought
His charter of freedom with bow and spear;
From the Lime was torn a branch, and borne
As the banner of victory far and near.
And they proudly tell where the herald youth fell
With the living branch in his dying hand.
And the Linden tree is of Liberty
The sacred symbol through all the land.
Oh the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The whisperings heard when its leaves are stirred,
Are the voices of martyrs that prompt unseen.

I love it the more when I think of yore
And the avenue leading—I tell not where—
But there was a bower, and there was a flower
Of gracefullest beauty grew ripening there.
From valley and hill, from forge and mill,
From neighbouring hamlets murmurs stole;
But the sound most dear to my listening ear
Was a musical whisper that thrilled the soul.
Oh the Lime, the odorous Lime,
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade,
For lovers to wander and woo unseen.

When garish noon had passed, and the moon
Came silvering forest, and lake, and tower;
In the hush of the night so calm and bright,
How silent and sweet was the Lime tree bower!
They may boast of their forests of larch and pine,
Of maple and elm and scented thorn,
Of ash and of oak defying the stroke
Of the tempest when others are rent and torn.

Give me the Lime, the odorous Lime,
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The vows that are made beneath its shade,
Are throbbings of spirits that bless unseen.

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

TO THE HERALD HONEYSUCKLE.

Deep Honeysuckle! in the silent eve
When wildrose cups are closed, and when each bird
Is sleeping by its mate, then all unheard
The dew's soft kiss thy wakeful lips receive.
'Tis then the sighs that throng them seem to weave
A spell whereby the drowsy night is stirred
To fervid meanings, which no fullest word
Of speech or song so sweetly could achieve.
Herald of bliss! whose fragrant trumpet blew
Love's title to our hearts ere love was known,
'T was well thy flourish told a tale so true,
Well that love's dazzling presence was foreshown;
Had his descent on us been as the dew
On thee, our rarer sense he had o'erthrown.

Mrs. EMILY PFEIFFER.

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the Cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!

After the fall of the Cistus flower,
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!

Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!

What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, of—musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriachs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'ercanopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,

As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here; Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.



Robin Redbreast.

as merry and no taller, dancers still,
 That wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fountain
 Here twilight is and evening: here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
 Thou may'st toll far and find no second tree,
 Drink, Pegasus, here; here rest! and if thy heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

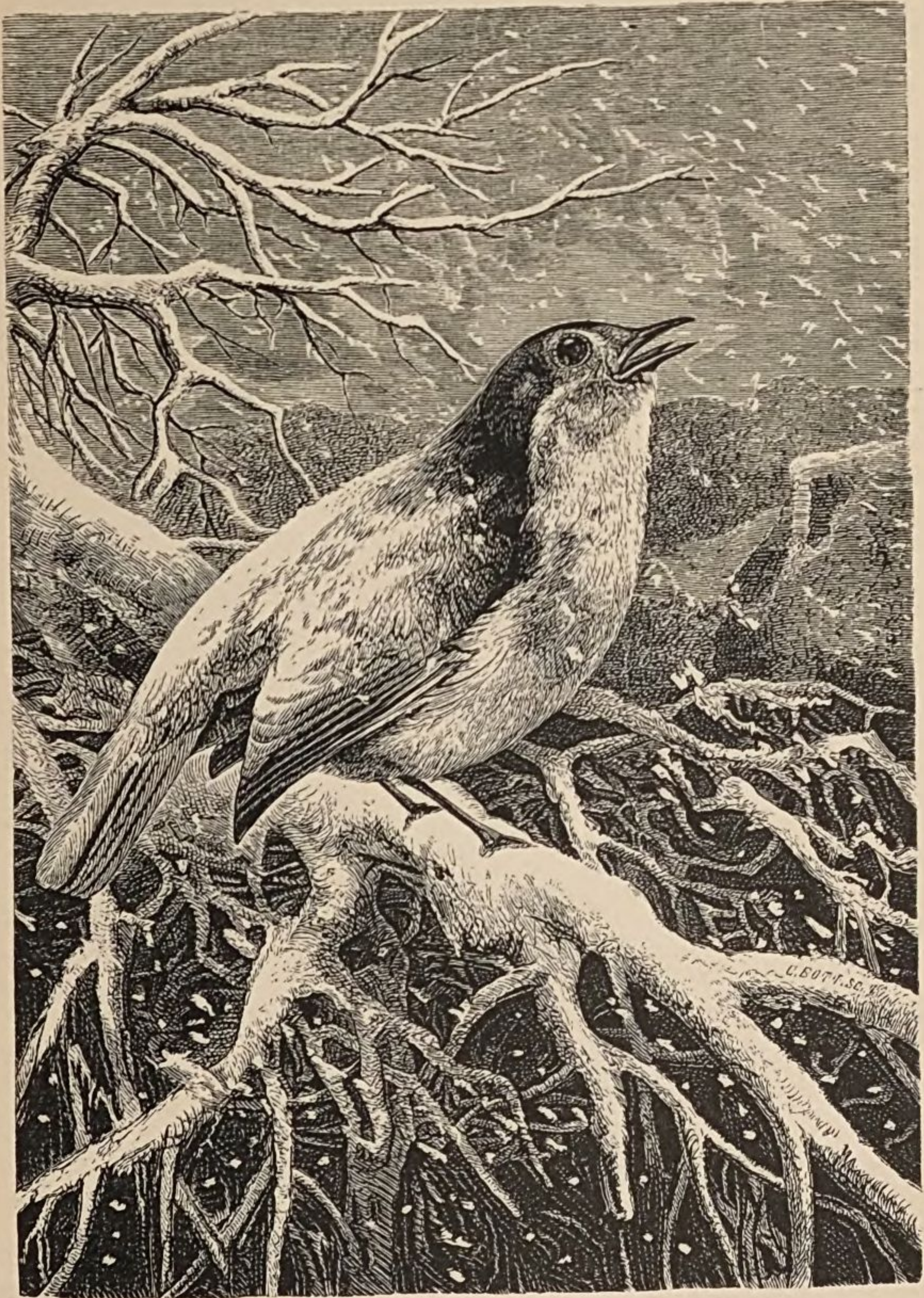
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

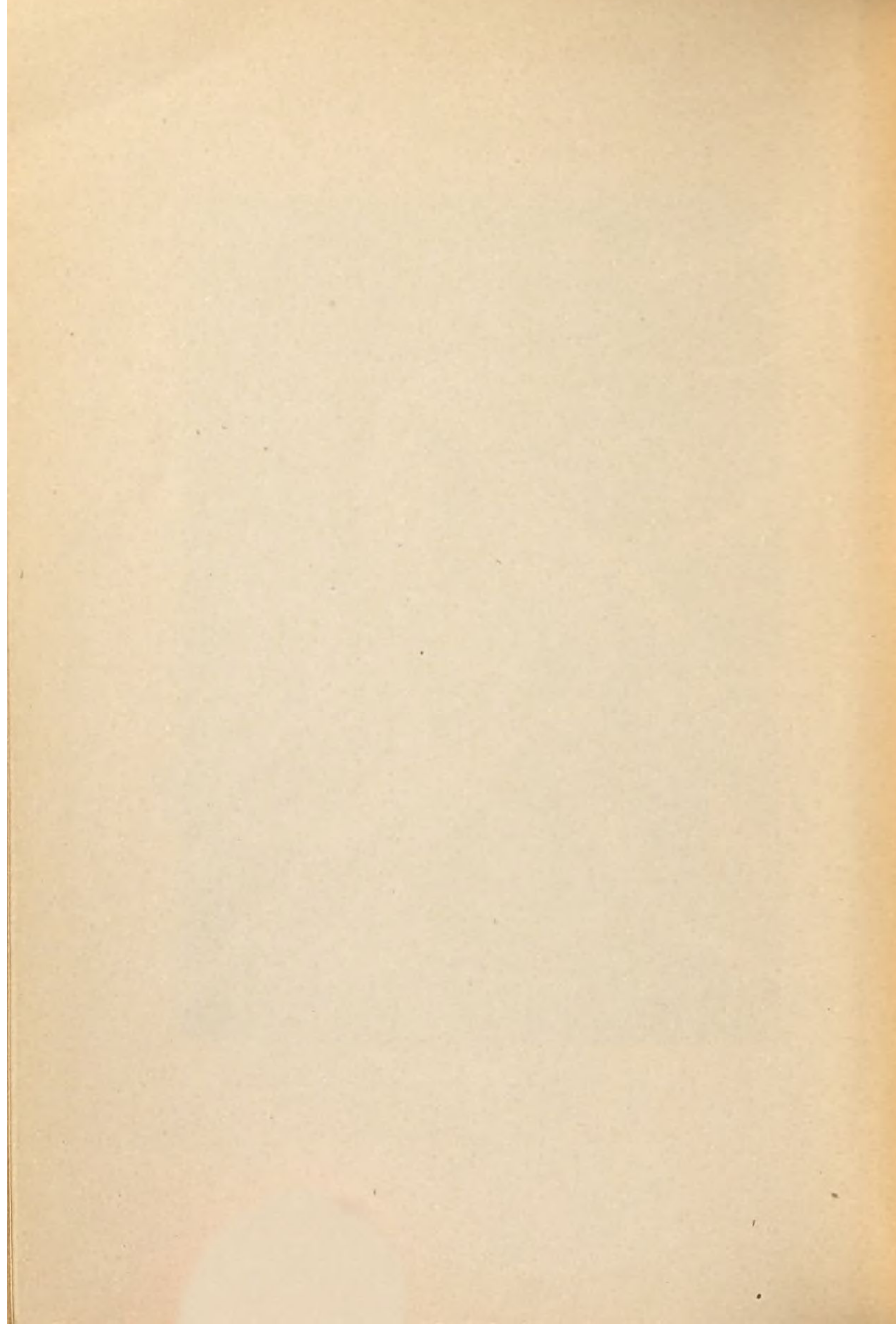
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 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.



Robin Redbreast.



When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer 's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin 's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they 'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It 's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'T will soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to lead and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drowsted with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a walful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide
Where Innocence and Peace reside!
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, the exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;

And to watch thee hiding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts the ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh! modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence, away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds careering high
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;

Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blustering whirl-
wind spare!

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo;
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

A HARVEST PRAYER.

A perfect August day! From azure sky
Pour golden floods of light on hill and dale,
And where but yesterday the corn gleamed pale,
To-day 'tis tawny, far as scans the eye;
Lo, where rich stretches with dark foliage vie,
Cresting the slopes, or running down the vale;
While joyful bees rise, specks of burnished mail,
And over all the noonday sun stands high.
Oh, day of Summer, that dost ripen grain,
Oh, luscious day, that colourest the vine,

Be thou an omen true, a hope not vain,
Be of a golden harvest thou the sign;
Full long has toiled and laboured weary man—
At length reward! Hear us, thou great God Pan!

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEGER.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sear.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.
The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;

The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

W I N T E R.

How large that thrush looks on the bare thorn-tree!
A swarm of such, three little months ago,
Had hidden in the leaves and let none know
Save by the outburst of their minstrelsy.
A white flake here and there—a snow-lily
Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;
And for a rose-flower on the darkling mould
The hungry red-breast gleams. No bloom, no bee.

The current shudders to its ice-bound sedge:
Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one
Flash each its clinging diamond in the sun:
'Neath winds which for this Winter's sovereign pledge
Shall curb great king-masts to the ocean's edge
And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes:

You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields,
And the brown hill's wither'd brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees,
Where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes

From the frozen Labrador:
From the icy bridge of the northern seas,
Which the white bear wanders o'er:
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere,
Into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!

And the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!

Let us meet him as we may,—
And turn with the light of the parlour-fire
His evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round,
When that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face; mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book.
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful!* it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.

* This „babe so beautiful“ was Hartley Coleridge. See the next poem.—Ed.

Not thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of rugged mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which shape by their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
That petty sense and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
His mind by all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
The spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the efts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall
Heard only in the traces of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

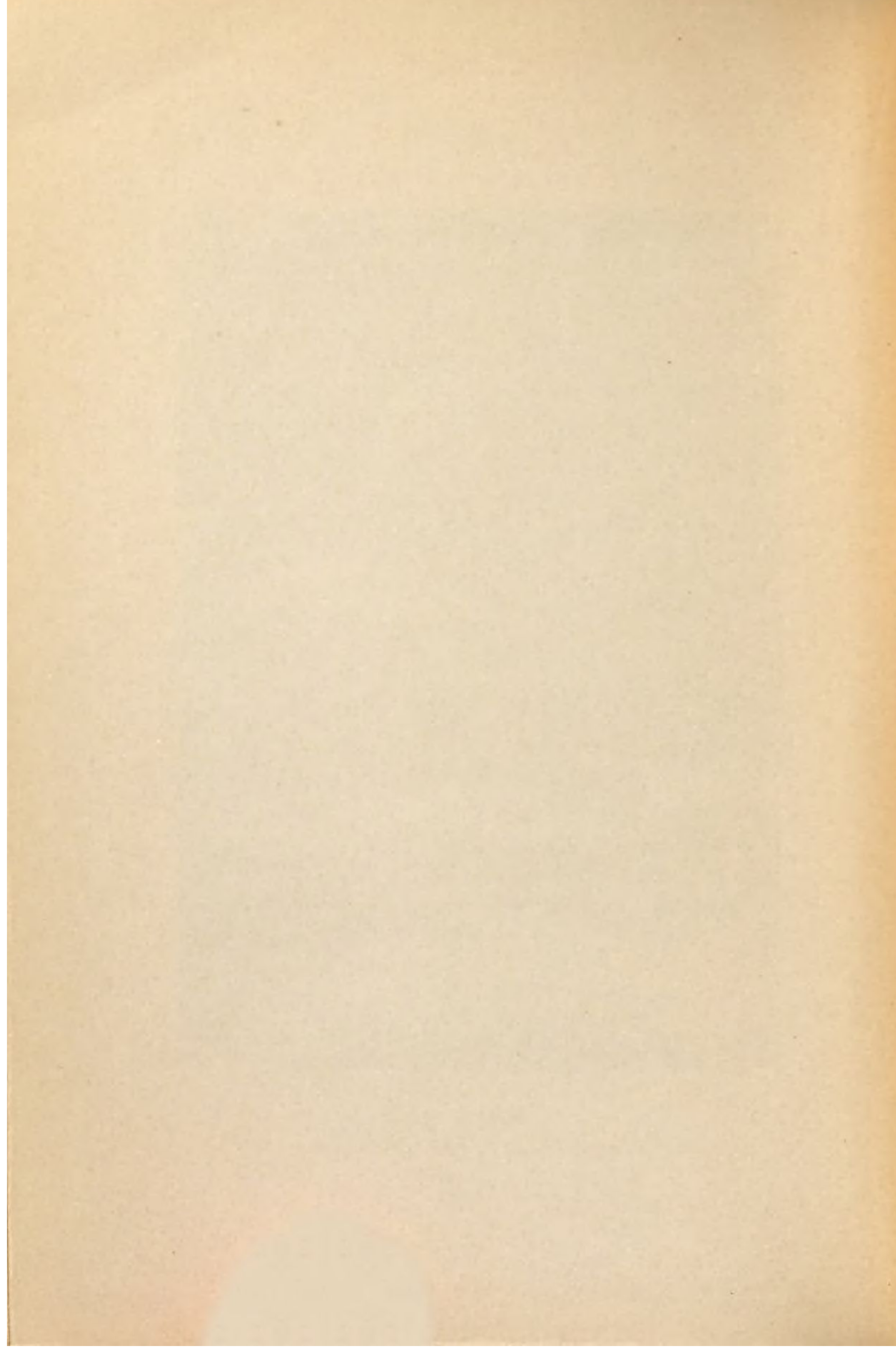
DEDICATORY SONNET.

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

Father! and Bard revered! to whom I owe,
Whate'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy night-watch o'er my cradled slumbers,
Didst meditate the verse that lives to shew,
(And long shall live, when we alike are low)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of Nature's self the song,
The lore which None but Nature's pupils know.



W i n t e r.



The prayer was heard: I «wander'd like a breeze,»
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gather'd there the shapes and phantasies
Which, mixt with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

UP IN THE MORNIN' EARLY.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the mornin' 's no for me,
Up in the mornin' early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE SNOW.

The silvery snow!—the silvery snow!—
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime!—
A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE SNOW STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths,
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

(FROM „AS YOU LIKE IT“.)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

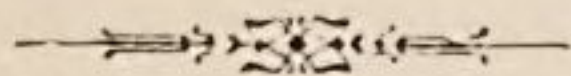
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I 'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



I have been thinking of you
and of the days
when we were young and free
and the world was new
and the future was bright
and the heart was true
and the love was deep
and the life was long
and the death was slow
and the pain was less
and the joy was more
and the hope was greater
and the faith was stronger
and the love was deeper
and the life was longer
and the death was slower
and the pain was less
and the joy was more
and the hope was greater
and the faith was stronger

THE SEA AND THE SAILOR.

FOREIGN SCENES.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky;
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

EDMUND WALLER.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

LORD BYRON.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glosses itself in tempests, in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the Sea! I 'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I 've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded Sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious;
Image of eternity.

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey:
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play:
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thy own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown:
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE SEA-SHORE.

I should like to dwell where the deep blue sea
Rock'd to and fro as tranquilly,
As if it were willing the halcyon's nest
Should shelter through summer its beautiful guest.
When a plaining murmur like that of a song,
And a silvery line come the waves along:
Now bathing—now leaving the gentle shore,
Where shining sea-shells lay scattered o'er.

And children wandering along the strand,
With the eager eye and the busy hand,
Heaping the pebbles and green sea-weed,
Like treasures laid up for a time of need.
Or tempting the waves with their daring feet,
To launch, perhaps, some tiny fleet:
Mimicking those which bear afar
The wealth of trade—and the strength of war.

I should love, when the sun-set reddened the foam,
To watch the fisherman's boat come home,
With his well-filled net and glittering spoil:
Well has the noon-tide repaid its toil,
While the ships that lie in the distance away
Catch on their canvass the crimsoning ray;
Like fairy ships in the tales of old,
When the sails they spread were purple and gold.

Then the deep delight of the starry night,
With its shadowy depths and dreamy light:
When far away spreads the boundless sea,
As if it imaged infinity.
Let me hear the winds go singing by,
Lulling the waves with their melody:
While the moon like a mother watches their sleep,
And I ask no home but beside the deep.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

FROM „THE BOROUGH“.

Now is it pleasant in the Summer-eve,
When a broad shore retiring waters leave,
Awhile to wait upon the firm fair sand,
When all is calm at sea, all still at land;
And there the ocean's produce to explore,
As floating by, or rolling on the shore:
Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that its name;*
Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there 's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.
Involved in sea-wrack, here you find a race,
Which science, doubting, knows not where to place;
On shell or stone is dropp'd the embryo-seed,
And quickly vegetates a vital breed.

* The sea-nettle (Medusa).

While thus with pleasing wonder you inspect
Treasures the vulgar in their scorn reject,
See as they float along th' entangled weeds
Slowly approach, upborne on bladdery beads;
Wait till they land, and you shall then behold
The fiery sparks those tangled fronds infold,
Myriads of living points; th' unaided eye
Can but the fire and not the form descry.
And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern!
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore;
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand;
When, lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
On weeds that sparkle, and on waves that blaze.

The ocean too has Winter views serene,
When all you see through densest fog is seen;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or half-conceal'd some figure at the stern;
The view 's all bounded, and from side to side
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast;
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.

'Tis pleasant then to view the nets float past,
Net after net till you have seen the last:
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchor'd ship,

Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore;
Those measured tones which with the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE LEE-SHORE.

Sleet! and Hail! and Thunder!

And ye Winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave—

Winds, that like a Demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling Seaman,
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her cries
Succour superhuman
From the frowning skies—

From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Let broad leagues dissever
Him from yonder foam,—
Oh, God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his Home!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE EBB TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
Yet little way they made, though labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SEA-WEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks.

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth:
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour
That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immoveable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock;
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

«Sail on!» it says, «sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!»

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

The owl to her mate is calling;
The river his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.

Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows;
A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he 's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard:
He 's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he 's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now,—with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea:
The Lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
And been honoured from shore to shore;
And his journey on earth is done,—
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is nought that a king can claim,
Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

BARRY CORNWALL.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
And watch'd the dancing foam;
He gaz'd upon the leaping waves,
Which soon would be his home.

And then he ey'd his sailor's garb,
With look of proud delight:
The flowing kerchief round his neck,
The trousers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day;
Hope play'd within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay.

And many a time the sturdy boy
Long'd for the hour to come
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home!

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimm'd her sails:
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach;
A mother's arms have press'd him,
A sister's hand is link'd in his,
A father's lip hath bless'd him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swoll'n with many a tear;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob,
And now the struggle 's o'er:
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam:
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him;
The ocean is his home!

ELIZA COOK.

THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

The world below hath not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As an English ship on a rippling sea
In the clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high, as I fix my eye
On her dark and sweeping hull,
Laying its breast on the billowy nest,
Like the tired sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,
With their heads among the stars;
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam,
Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
A flag that bears no stain.
Proud ship! that need'st no other scroll,
To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds
Chants out his fitful song,
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds
That melts as it floats along.

Oh! what is there on the sluggard land
That I love so well to mark,
In the hallow'd light of the still midnight,
As I do a dancing bark!

The ivied tower looks well in that hour
And so does an old church spire,
When the gilded vane and Gothic pane
Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,
The love-bower gathers a charm,
And beautiful is the chequering play
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As a brave ship floating on the sea
In the full and clear moonlight.

ELIZA COOK.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we 've cheerless gone,
Oh they who 've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
«Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!» our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear
«Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?»

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

THOMAS MOORE.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

Come, messmates, fill the cheerful bowl!
To-night let no one fail,
No matter how the billows roll,
Or roars the ocean gale.
There 's toil and danger in our lives,
But let us jovial be,
And drink to sweethearts and to wives,
On Saturday night at sea!

The chill nor'wester hurls the spray
Our icy bulwarks o'er,
As swift we cleave our stormy way,
A thousand miles from shore;
And while the good ship onward drives,
Let none forget that he
Must drink to sweethearts and to wives,
On Saturday night at sea!

The joys that landsmen little reck
We best can understand,
Who live a year upon the deck,
A month upon the land.

And rough as are our sailor lives,
Full tender hearts have we
To drink to sweethearts and to wives,
On Saturday night at sea!

Our frames are worn and little worth,
And hard our rugged hands;
We struggle for our hold on Earth
With the storms of many lands:
But the only love that lights our lives
Shall still remembered be;
We drink to sweethearts and to wives,
On Saturday night at sea!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE MAN OF WAR.

(FROM „CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE“.)

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry

While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEA FIGHT.

The Sun hath ridden into the sky,
And the Night gone to her lair;
Yet all is asleep
On the mighty Deep,
And all in the calm gray air.

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream,
As far as the eye may ken:
But the cannon blast,
That just now passed,
Hath awakened ten thousand men.

An order is blown from ship to ship;
All round and round it rings;
And each sailor is stirred
By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downwards flings.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong;
He girdeth his loins about;
And he answers the cry
Of his foemen nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

What follows?—a puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun;
And a scream, that shoots
To the heart's red roots,
And we know that a fight 's begun.

A thousand shot are at once let loose:
Each flies from its brazen den,
(Like the Plague's swift breath,)
On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak,
And the frigates all rock and ride,
And timbers crash,
And the mad waves dash,
Foaming all far and wide:

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
All telling one tale of woe,—
That the struggle still,
Between good and ill,
Goes on, in the earth below.

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western roa
The Moon returns again:
But, of all who looked bright,
In the morning light,
There are only a thousand men.

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high!
Look up, at the awful sun!
And, behold,—the sea flood
Is all red with blood:
Hush!—a battle is lost,—and won!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A Thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the Deep! O'er the Deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
—Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

BARRY CORNWALL.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

(FROM „MADOC“.)

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us . . . But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements, . . .
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not, . . . to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark, . . .
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
«A strong nor-wester 's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

«Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures how they envies us,
And wishes, I 've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

«And as for them who 're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

«And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.

We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!>

THOMAS HOOD.*

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

* Often attributed to CHARLES DIBDIN.—Ed.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent.
When Heaven all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

ANDREW CHERRY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(FROM „THE ISLE OF PALMS“.)

But list! a low and moaning sound
At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
And now it reigns above, around,
As if it call'd the Ship along.
The Moon is sunk; and a clouded grey
Declares that her course is run,
And like a God who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious Sun.
Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the Breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she;—Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable Ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the Ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,

As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole Ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupified or dead,
And madness and despair.

.
Now is the Ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The Ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

JOHN WILSON.

THE SHIP FOUNDERING.

(FROM „DON JUAN“.)

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LORD BYRON.

A SHIPWRECK SCENE.

(FROM „DON JUAN“.)

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, «Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing,» and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

LORD BYRON.

THE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
For there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those that will never come back to the town;

For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

«Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.»

The western wind was wild and dark with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

«Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?»

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rolled her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock:

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Our bark was out—far, far from land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale, and waned away
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We watch'd him through long hours of pain,
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain.
Death struck; he gave no coward alarm;
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed a round shot at his feet;
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
As a king in his lawn-shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest
With the English flag about his breast;
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
And *then* he was *fit* for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turn'd weak—
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—
And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,
As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side.

A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er;
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before;
But many a rude prayer hallow'd the wave
That closed above the sailor's grave.

ELIZA COOK.

DIRGE AT SEA.

Sleep!—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave.
Thou shalt find a noble grave.

Fare thee well!

Sleep! thy billowy field is won:
Proudly may the funeral gun,
Midst the hush at set of sun,
Boom thy knell!

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed,
Marble rear'd, or brother's head
Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red-cross flag shall be.
Sleep! oh, sleep!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

One morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair :
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
«What is it,» said I, «that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?»
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
«A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird.»

And, thus continuing, she said,
«I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;
In Denmark he was cast away :
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

«The bird and cage they both were his :
'Twas my Son's bird ; and neat and trim
He kept it : many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him ;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

«He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety ;—there
I found it when my Son was dead ;
And now, God help me for my little wit !
I bear it with me, Sir ;—he took so much delight in it.»

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HOW 'S MY BOY.

Ho, sailor of the sea!
How 's my boy—my boy?
«What 's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?»

My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy 's my boy to me.

You come back from sea
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There 's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

How 's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I 'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass button or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—
«Speak low, woman, speak low!»

And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I 'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?
«That good ship went down.»

How 's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I never was aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I 'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how 's my John?
«Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.»

How 's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I 'm not their mother—
How 's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How 's my boy—my boy?

SYDNEY DOBELL.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England when with fav'ring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
«By the deep—nine!»

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey-tow'r, the harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
«By the mark—seven!»

And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
«Quarter less—five!»

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
«Stand clear the cable,» is the cry—
The anchor 's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night,
We hear the seamen with delight,
Proclaim—«All 's well!»

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE SAILOR RETURNING TO HIS FAMILY.

(FROM „THE BOROUGH“.)

Much would it please you, sometimes to explore
The peaceful dwellings of our Borough poor:
To view a sailor just return'd from sea,
His wife beside; a child on either knee,
And others crowding near, that none may lose
The smallest portion of the welcome news;
What dangers pass'd, «when seas ran mountains high,
When tempest raved, and horrors veil'd the sky;
When prudence fail'd, when courage grew dismay'd,
When the strong fainted, and the wicked pray'd—
Then in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
And gazed upon the billowy mount above;
Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
We view'd the horrors of the watery vale.»

The trembling children look with steadfast eyes,
And, panting, sob involuntary sighs:
Soft sleep awhile his torpid touch delays,
And all is joy and piety and praise.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, «My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.»

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, «The next who comes to the Rock
Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.»

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, «It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.»

«Canst hear,» said one, «the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.»
«Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell.»

They hear no sound, the swell is strong; *
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
«Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!»

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,
IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLES.

(FROM „THE ISLE OF PALMS“.)

Oh many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The Ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the Main;
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright,
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.

Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair,
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea.

JOHN WILSON.

THE WOOD GIANT.

From Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,
From Mad to Saco river,
For patriarchs of the primal wood
We sought with vain endeavour.

And then we said: «The giants old
Are lost beyond retrieval,
This pigmy growth the axe has spared
Is not the wood primeval.

«Look where we will o'er vale and hill
How idle are our searches,
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed oaks
Centennial pines and birches!

«Their tortured limbs the axe and saw
Have changed to beams and trestles;
They rest in walls, they float on seas,
They rot in sunken vessels.

«This shorn and wasted mountain land
Of underbrush and boulder—
Who thinks to see its full-grown tree
Must live a century older.»

At last to us a woodland path,
To open sunset leading,
Revealed the Anakim of pines
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before,
Below, the lake's green islands,
Beyond, in misty distance dim,
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,
Before the old time giant.

What marvel that in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood,
Men crowned with garlands, gifts and praise,
Such monarchs of the wild-wood?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song
Danced through the hill grove's spaces,
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blending,
We saw our pine tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,
Now rising, and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder,
Blithe sparrow sing thy Summer-song
His solemn shadow under!

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wind of Summer, waking
For hills like these the sound of seas
On far-off beaches breaking!

And let the eagle and the crow
Rest on his still, green branches,
When winds shake down his Winter snow
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A SCENE ON THE SUSQUEHANA.

(FROM „GERTRUDE OF WYOMING“.)

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do



We need the weather with us,
 How often! and how often,
 Is not the weather's power
 The old, the new, the true?

Was it the first, the last, the best,
 Of all the years that were,
 The wisdom of the old, the power,
 The love of the young?

It comes and goes, and in the
 Your heart and your power,
 But the weather is the weather,
 His power is his power.

Play lightly on the weather's hand,
 A wind of change, waiting
 For the first, the last, the best,
 The old, the new, the true.

And let the eagle and the crow
 Rest on his still, green branches,
 When winds blow from the winter snow
 In silver branches.

The brave are braver for their cheer,
 The strongest and the true,
 The sigh of longing makes not less
 The lesson of endurance.

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 The happy shepherd swains had nought to do



„Now, brothers, row!“

But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FAR WEST.

(FROM „EVANGELINE“.)

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous
summits.

Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where the gorge,
like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Windriver Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
sierras,

Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
roebuck ;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible
war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running
rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O Fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast,—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast,—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!

How brought, o panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art, and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CALIFORNIA MADRIGAL.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Oh come, my beloved! from thy wintry abode,
From thy home on the Yuba, thy ranch overflowed,
For the waters have fallen, the winter has fled,
And the river once more has returned to its bed.

Oh, mark how the spring in its beauty is near!
How the fences and tules once more re-appear!
How soft lies the mud on the banks of yon slough
By the hole in the levee the waters broke through!

All Nature, dear Chloris, is blooming to greet
The glance of your eye, and the tread of your feet;
For the trails are all open, the roads are all free,
And the highwayman's whistle is heard on the lea.

Again swings the lash on the high mountain trail,
And the pipe of the packer is scenting the gale;
The oath and the jest ringing high o'er the plain,
Where the smut is not always confined to the grain.

Once more glares the sunlight on awning and roof,
Once more the red clay 's pulverized by the hoof,
Once more the dust powders the «outsides» with red,
Once more at the station the whiskey is spread.

Then fly with me, love, ere the summer 's begun,
And the mercury mounts to one hundred and one;
Ere the grass now so green shall be withered and sear,
In the spring that obtains but one month in the year.

BRET HARTE.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through.
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun, he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on! yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,

And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The Ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he the bird of hundred dyes, *
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's «good greenwood»!
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scanty serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring.
While to his cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!

* The Mucharunga.

Still as we pass in soften'd hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth,—his hope of Heaven!

REGINALD HEBER.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:

Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view:
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned,—my good acts undone,—
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
Tho proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:

Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forest o'erhung with wild-vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

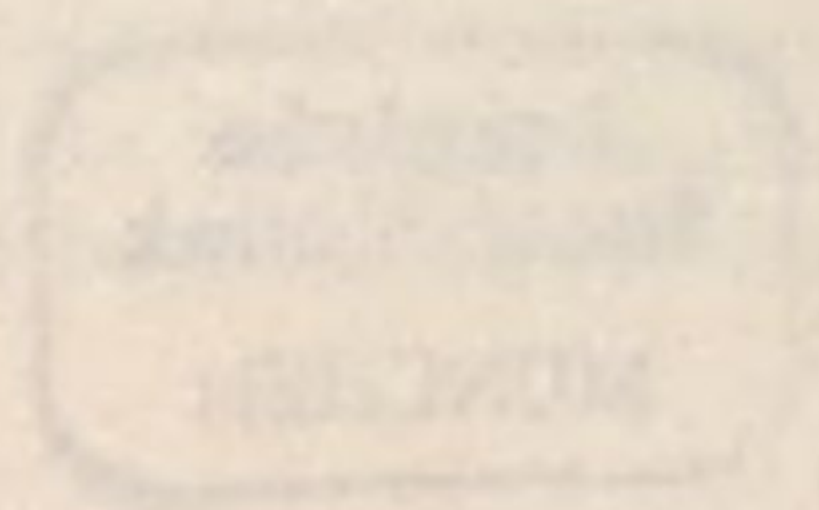
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away—in the Wilderness vast,
Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
«A still small voice» comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful Child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,—
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near!

THOMAS PRINGLE.

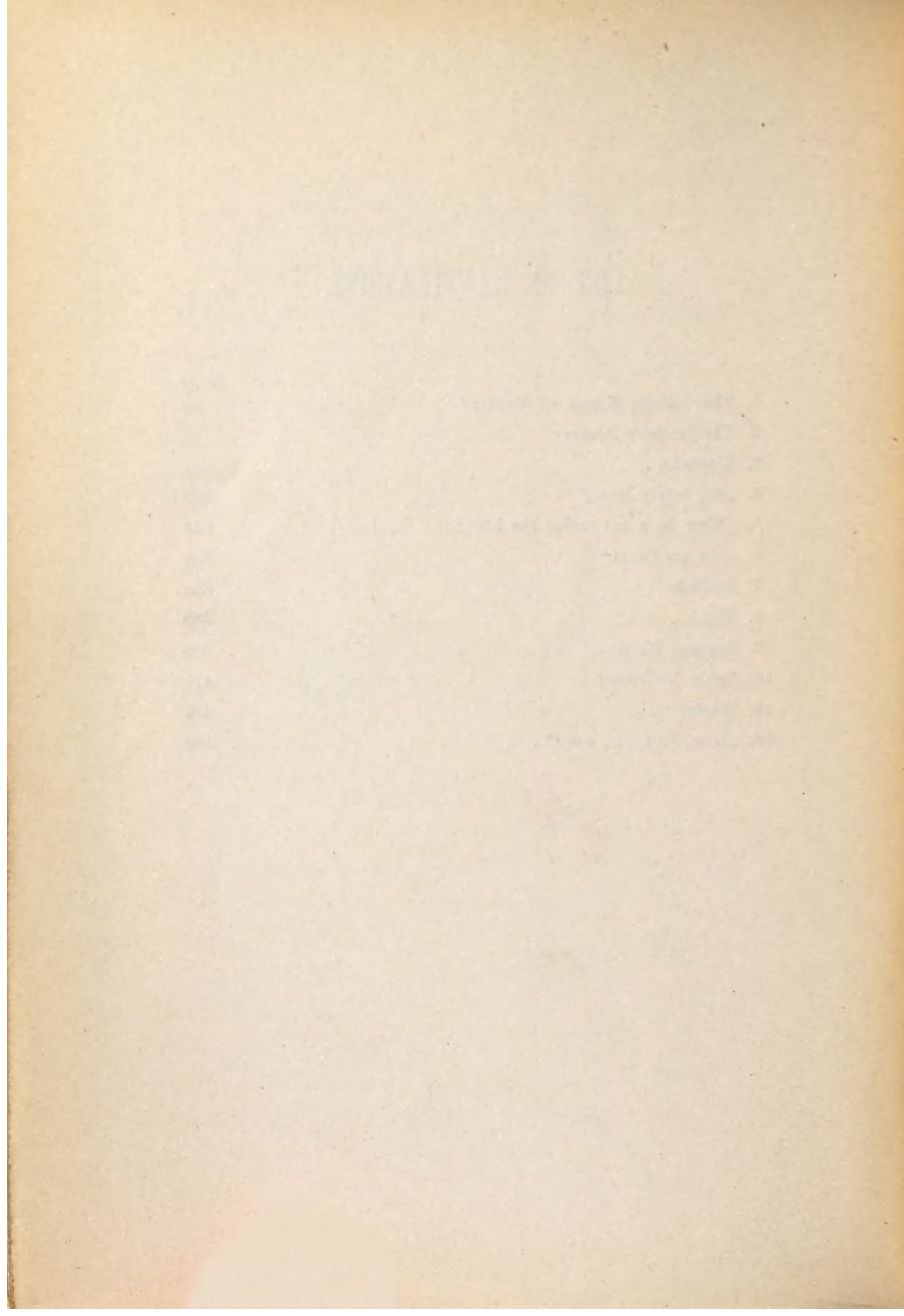


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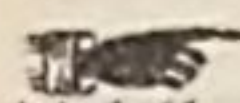
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